

TWENTY CENTS

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXII NO. 9



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LETTERS

Trucks on the Roads

Sir:

For your Aug. 10 article "Trucks on the Roads" my thanks and congratulations. I am calling it to the attention of all my legislators. It's very gratifying that at least one publication is not strangely silent on the basic cause of our traffic woes—trucks.

R. E. BAUMER

Los Angeles

Sir:

... The best report to the nation on the subject... To my mind, a fair tax on all inter-city trucks would be one based on ton-miles operated.

LEROY MORRIS

Mississippi Central Railroad Co.
Hattiesburg, Miss.

Sir:

... Do the railroads pay you to do this? ... You may be an editor, but what do you know about trucks? ...

EDWARD W. CHADDERTON

Sharon, Pa.

Sir:

... No ordinary motorist is safe with these monsters loose on our highways.

GEORGE E. McCALLUM

Erie, Pa.

Sir:

... My own small business... depends 100% on trucks for delivery of merchandise; I'd be out of business within a month without their direct delivery... Until it is

proved that the trucking industry does not pay its fair share of road taxes and that it actually does damage our highway system out of proportion... I suggest that TIME be more impartial in its reporting...

CHARLES McSHANE

Fargo, N. Dak.

Sir:

... The rich mushrooming trucking industry is not paying their share. They should build their own highways...

(MRS.) CARRIE CASE

Waco, Texas

Sir:

The article... is a biased example of small-minded railroad propaganda with no concern for the progress of our equally important trucking industry. Our main highways are critically deficient. They were poorly engineered and constructed with little regard for the type of vehicles or for their drivers who must use them in order to deliver the nation's necessities... The answer to the problem has not been "fogged" so much by propaganda from the trucking industry as by the concerted efforts of the railroads...

If politicians of the past had made proper use of the millions of dollars allocated for road construction with a view to the future, I am sure that our enormous traffic problem would never have occurred. Unjustly censuring the trucking industry and forcing them to pay for the mistakes of others is a poor attempt to conceal our lack of leadership and planning.

DONALD STROCHAK

Forest Hills, N.Y.

TIME's report on "Trucks on the Roads" noted that the whole issue has been complicated by "a smoke screen of publicity from the railroads" as well as the trucking lobby, which New York's Governor Dewey has defined as "a powerful, highly organized lobby, devoted exclusively to the purpose of preserving the extreme preference now enjoyed by the biggest trucks." In the interests of complete fairness and accuracy, TIME comments herewith on the five specific points singled out by American Trucking Associations, Inc. in a paid advertisement on the opposite page:

1) TIME clearly stated in the preceding sentence that it was referring to "an axle-weight or weight-distance figure." The point would have been restated more clearly if TIME had said that a man who "drives a four-door Plymouth... pays 34.6¢ worth of gas taxes and fees per ton to move his car over 100 miles of open road." Thus, on a national basis, a Plymouth owner pays nearly three times more per ton to move one ton of his car 100 miles than does the owner of a 60,000-lb. truck.

2) Further research would have shown the truckers exactly what former Governor Smith did deny. He denied telling the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that Missouri legislators had received money from truck lobbyists. But he did tell a legislative investigating committee

that he understood from others that money had changed hands to defeat a bill to increase truck license fees.

3) TIME erred. It should have said that a study made in 1951 by the New York State Temporary Commission on Agriculture showed that \$146 million would "improve" (instead of "build") all of the 26,000 miles of town roads, but would pay for only 737 miles of highways sufficiently strong to support the relatively few heavily laden trucks.

4) TIME did indeed refer to ton-mile taxes and plainly said: "Laws... to tax trucks on their weight and distance traveled."

5) TIME did not use a limited figure, but one for all freight, supplied by the U.S. Bureau of Roads for 1951, the latest statistics available. The bureau took the total tonnage of each carrier (e.g., trucks, boats and railroads) and multiplied it by the miles carried, thus got a comparative ton-mile figure for all carriers for all freight. On this basis, railroads totted up 672 billion ton-miles, river and harbor boats 182 billion ton-miles, and trucks 152 billion, or 15% of the total.

The statistics and information used by TIME were not "propaganda," but were those on file with state and federal agencies and readily checkable by anyone. With the exception of the clarifications noted, TIME stands on its figures.—Ed.

A Tribute to TIME Magazine for Courage—*but not for Accuracy*

Your opportunity to read this message testifies to the moral courage of TIME's management. They have agreed to run this copy although they can't possibly like the harsh things it says about a particular piece of TIME reporting, issue of August 10th, entitled "Trucks On The Roads."

TIME has offered its "Letters" column for our statement. So, why are we resorting to advertising to correct TIME's errors? Because we believe that handling of these corrections in the "Letters" section does not begin to rectify the damage done by the article.

We won't try to discuss all the errors, but merely five major issues. The failure of TIME to handle this story with ordinary editorial acumen is graphically emphasized in these parallel columns:

Said TIME:

"A New York tax organization estimates that on an average, the man who drives a four-door Plymouth with a gross weight of 3,450 lbs. pays 34.64¢ worth of gas taxes and fees to move his car over 100 miles of open road. Yet the owner of a truck with a gross weight of 60,000 lbs. pays only 12.49¢ to move his truck the same distance, while doing far more damage to the road."

"In 1951 in Missouri, Forrest Smith, then governor, publicly stated that he understood money had changed hands on the floor of the legislature to defeat a bill to increase truck license fees."

"A recent New York State study showed that funds needed to build 737 miles of heavy truck roads would build 26,000 miles of road to be used only by cars."

"Over the years, 14 states have passed laws of one kind or another to tax trucks on their weight and distance traveled, and thus made the highway tax load more equitable."

"No one wants to force trucks off U. S. roads, since they carry 15% of the nation's freight, and are a vital part of the economy."

Our Corrections:

This seems to be a slip-of-the-pen handling of an involved tax theory. At face value it is obviously erroneous. In New York a big truck actually averages tax payments of \$3.75 for 100 miles of travel—not the 12½ cents reported by Time. Nationally, a big truck pays taxes of \$2.82 for 100 miles based on figures of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads for a 64,000-pound vehicle, nearest weight class to the Time example.

Routine research would have shown TIME that the governor denied having made such a statement in the course of an investigation conducted by the Missouri legislature. This investigation cleared the trucking industry of any such charge.

No official body we can locate admits making such a study. The figures are ridiculous. No highway engineer we know of has ever said it costs 3500% more to build roads for heavy trucks than for cars. Federal studies have indicated the added cost to run 13 to 17%, a cost item swamped by the truck tax contributions. Most costs—right-of-way, grading, engineering, administration, etc.—are not changed by existence of big trucks.

All states tax trucks on their weight and the distance traveled: Weight via sharply elevated license plate charges; distance via gas taxes which run 5 to 7 times as much per mile for big trucks as cars because of low mileage per gallon. TIME may refer to special ton-mile type taxes—if so should also have said that 9 states have repealed such taxes and one state court threw out another of long standing as obviously inequitable.

There are two kinds of statistics on hauling performance, tons carried and ton-miles. TIME is guilty of using a limited (inter-city) ton-mile figure while failing to report that on the basis of all tons of freight moved, trucks haul 75% of the total. (Automobile Manufacturers Association study.)

There are many more but these few will serve to suggest that TIME, usually reliable, has done what other publications have done—picked up propaganda "statistics" originally from competitive sources and used them. Most of the content of the TIME story is as familiar to us as the palms of our hands—we've seen it so many times and always coming from the same sources.

There is a legend to the effect that it is futile and foolhardy to fight the press. Some people will now wait for TIME to knock us silly in

later editions. But frankly we have no fear of such result.

We've got our problems, some of them caused by our faults, some of them due to conditions beyond anyone's control. Most of them are due to the inability of our main highways to carry modern traffic volume and the resulting resentment of the motorist who finds us much closer at hand than those responsible for roads. Please don't let anyone tell you that, merely because this country would grind to a halt if trucks didn't operate,

we are depending on that fact to cover up faults. Truck operators are spending millions of dollars and millions of hours of time annually in attempting to improve everything about their operations. This industry believes it has nothing to fear from a properly informed public opinion.

Walter F. Carey, President

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Sir:

What the hell is the matter with you? You start a new series on the Provinces of Europe, then say [Aug. 10] that Alsace is the first of three in a series. Why three? Why not 30? This is one of the most interesting added attractions that you have ever brought forth, then you want to give us only three. Come on TIME—don't cut this series short . . .

EUGENE LANG

Belleville, Ont.

Sir:

Many congratulations to Jerry Cooke for his superb color photographs [and] congratulations to R. M. Chapin Jr. for his map . . .

JOYCE FRANKLIN

Felpham, Sussex, England

How to Handle Old Eggs

Sir:

What is this old Chinese custom (mentioned in the Aug. 3 story on the CIA) that the theoretical winner of a theoretical battle pays tribute to the theoretical loser? Or did TIME lay a 1,000-year-old egg?

R. MURRAY

New York City

TIME scrambled an ancient egg. In China, as elsewhere, the loser pays.—Ed.

How the Ball Bounced

Sir:

Your Aug. 3 Korean story, "The Way the Ball Bounced," was the letter home I've been trying to write since I arrived in Korea last March. Thanks for doing the job so completely.

(CPL.) JOHN L. MCWILLIAMS

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco

Sir:

... Having discussed the article with other members of this outfit, we all agree that it is the nearest thing to the truth that has been written since the Korean war . . . I, for one, am sending it home . . .

(PTC.) ANTHONY J. LAROCKA

180th Infantry Regiment
Korea

Sir:

... Each sentence brought back visual images of Chuncheon, Incheon, Wonju, Seoul, Uijongbu and the fragrant countryside be-

tween. As a Korean veteran, may I attest to the realities described . . . and thank whoever wrote it?

WILLIAM L. DARBY

Detroit

Sir:

... Give the author a commendation and a boost in salary. For in the few short paragraphs he has summed it up, drawn sketches of scenes which many of us can never forget . . .

BILL FRYDAY

Norman, Okla.

Gargling Noises

Sir:

After reading the four reviews of new movies in your July 27 issue, I feel you have reached a new high in exquisite sarcasm. One choice bit is the comment that the Mexican bandit [in *Ride, Vaquero!*] gargles with vino. My comment would be that your Cinema Editor gargles with hemlock!

CAROLYN KOLKEY

Los Angeles

Korean Aftermath

Sir:

I have only now read your review of my book [*I Was a Captive in Korea*—TIME, July 27]. I would like to tell you how very flattered I am . . . It may interest you to know that the correspondent I describe in the opening paragraphs of my book is your own Carl Mydans, whom I have long admired for his ability, integrity and humanity.

PHILIP DEANE

London

Former Correspondent Mydans is now a photographer attached to the TIME-LIFE Bureau in London.—Ed.

The Hiked Hemline

Sir:

The only saving grace about Monsieur Dior's . . . "itching to pin up women's skirts" [TIME, Aug. 10] is that it is cheaper to shorten a dress than to lengthen it. It does border on sheer idiocy to let one man's vacillating mind . . . be the pioneering spirit for a multitude of hiked hemlines.

The fact remains that for piano legs, a full-length evening dress is too short, while for stems à la Charisse . . . an ice-skating costume is recommended.

GEORGE A. FREUND

Idaho Falls, Idaho

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Henry R. Luce
PRESIDENT.....Roy E. Larsen
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR.....John Shaw Billings

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

TIME's masthead this week lists 41 full-time correspondents in the U.S. and Canadian news bureaus and 35 in foreign bureaus located throughout the world. But to cover the news of the world each week, TIME also requires the part-time services of many other newsmen. These are TIME's part-time or stringer correspondents. There are now 160 part-time correspondents for TIME in the U.S. and Canada, plus 112 overseas—experienced reporters in their own communities who watch for and report news of more than local interest.

Some stringer correspondents eventually become regular TIME staff members. There are now ten staff members in New York and 14 correspondents in bureaus in the U.S. and abroad who got their early TIME training as part-time correspondents.

The newest stringer to join the masthead roster of full-time correspondents is Frank McCulloch of Reno. McCulloch is a Westerner who knows his West. He was born on a hay and cattle ranch, near Fernley, Nev., 33 years ago. Extracurricular grammar-school activity, he says, "consisted of fighting daily with a Mexican boy named Jesse Arenaz, and, in eight years of furious effort, never winning a scrap."

At the age of ten, he got a shotgun for a present and went hunting out of season. Result: "A bag of three cock pheasants which caused consternation because father was a game warden." Other early indiscretions, McCulloch reports, helped influence his present appearance. Among his friends were a tribe of Paiute Indians on a reservation nearby. When he was disobedient, he was punished by Chief Harry Winemucca, whose method of discipline was to pick up the offender by the ears. "As a result of this treatment," says McCulloch, "both ears now have a tendency to flap."

McCulloch began his newspaper career as a part-time reporter for the Reno Gazette while attending the University of Nevada. After graduating in 1947, he went to work in San Francisco for the United Press, later in Woodland, Calif., as reporter for the

Democrat. After a three-year hitch in the Marine Corps (reaching the rank of sergeant), he returned to report for the Reno Gazette and double as staff correspondent for the San Francisco Chronicle.

McCulloch signed on as a TIME stringer in 1951. One of his memories of those days is a hard-luck story with a happy ending. He had suggested that TIME do a story on Reno's famed Harold's Club as a successful business enterprise. The editors thought it was a good idea, told him to go ahead. When his research was almost completed, McCulloch was taken to the hospital for a midnight emergency appendectomy. By coincidence, TIME's San Francisco Bureau Chief Al Wright arrived in Reno the next day, learned that McCulloch was temporarily out of action, and picked up the urgent wire queries at Western Union. Says McCulloch: "When Wright arrived at the hospital to find out who he should see at the club, I was riding a pink-hued cloud. I thought for a moment and replied, 'Try a guy by the name of Barron

Beshoar'"—who is one of TIME's news deskmen in New York.

With this misinformation, off to the club went Wright, where he located his man (whose name was Smith), picked up the last details of the story and wired the copy to Beshoar. Later the club's boss, Raymond I. Smith, a hard-bitten New Englander with a sharp eye for a fact, described the story (TIME, May 11) as "the only really accurate piece ever written about the place."

A year after McCulloch became a stringer, he moved into the editor-manager chair of the Nevada State News, a tough, outspoken weekly published in Reno. He continued to report as a stringer for TIME, until he was asked to become a full-time correspondent. McCulloch is now stationed in Los Angeles, a member of TIME's bureau reporting the news from that part of the U.S.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Dwindling Margin

In Paris, so the story goes, an American was challenged by a Frenchman to a duel. As the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons. His choice—"double-barreled shotguns at 20 paces"—posed such a strong threat of mutual annihilation that the Frenchman called the whole thing off.

Such negative protection is now the principal insurance which the U.S. has against an attack by Soviet strategic bombers. Last week the Russians announced that they have set off a hydrogen bomb explosion. The U.S. Government, within a few hours, confirmed that this was so.* In Washington, Representative W. Sterling Cole called his Joint Atomic Energy Committee together for a briefing by CIA experts on what they knew of the Russian explosion. President Eisenhower, in New York for a one-day visit, conferred with Chairman Lewis Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission and White House Psychological Warfare Adviser C. D. Jackson.

* There have been at least 48 atom and hydrogen explosions since the first was set off on July 16, 1945 at Alamogordo, N. Mex. The U.S. has been responsible for 43, the Russians for four, and Great Britain for one.



George Stoddard—LIFE
DELEGATE WILEY
A sounding in the gulf.

Administration leaders made no wild or hasty pronouncements about the effect of the new Russian hydrogen power, but their concern was very real. Given the enormous destructive potency of the atom and hydrogen bombs, and the knowledge that Russia has solved the principle of both, there can be only fleeting comfort from the fact that the U.S. stockpile of bombs is currently bigger than the Russian. If X number of bombs will cripple a nation, it will be of small importance whether the U.S. has X plus 2,000 and the Russians have only X plus one.

The Round Table. Confronted by positive proof that time was running out, what could the U.S. do? One possible course of action was quickly suggested at the United Nations by U.S. delegate Alexander Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. New soundings should be taken, he said, on the chances of negotiating a workable scheme of international atomic control with the Russians. Wiley's proposal merited cool-headed consideration. One reason: no one has yet disproved the theory that the Russians, faced with imminent cracks behind their Iron Curtain, may be looking for a long cold-war breathing spell.

On the other hand, the U.N. is now especially vulnerable to any Russian diplomatic double-dealing which has a plausible appearance of honesty. In the hubbub over the Korean peace talks, the major U.S. allies have shown their hopeful conviction that the deep gulf between the free world and the Communists can now be bridged by a round-table discussion. The U.S. is trying to persuade the British and others that Communists, on their record, are apt to be insincere negotiators.

Deep Defense. A second course of action is being widely discussed, and its most articulate spokesman is Atomic Scientist Robert Oppenheimer. In the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Oppenheimer sees the U.S. and Russia approaching the position of "two scorpions in a bottle," calls for a heroic effort to construct a deep new U.S. air defense system. Some U.S. airmen sharply challenge Oppenheimer on two grounds: 1) no conceivable air defense can be complete; 2) Oppenheimer's accent on defense implies a relaxing of the U.S. strategic air arm, the only weapon the U.S. has for carrying a retaliatory attack to the heart of Russia.

For weeks President Eisenhower has been wrestling with drafts of a speech to the U.S. detailing the facts of atomic



Alan W. Richards
SCIENTIST OPPENHEIMER
A challenge from the air.

security v. insecurity. The H-bomb announcement probably will spur the speech-drafting efforts, because the White House understands that something must be done in short order to remedy the state of continental air defenses. Nor is there any longer much doubt that the prospect of the shotgun duel now calls for political reassessments of the first magnitude.

THE ADMINISTRATION Power Politics

The issue of public power is political dynamite in some sections of the U.S. Opponents are vehement in believing that federal control of power is (as Socialists freely admit) a basic step toward socialism. Yet the lavish public-power projects of the New and Fair Deals brought regional benefits which kept many a Congressman in office for years. TVA started the South's industrial boom; the Columbia River dams rejuvenated the economy of the Northwest. Last week, when Interior Secretary Douglas McKay issued his long-awaited statement on the power policy of the Eisenhower Administration, politicians from Nashville to Seattle listened intently.

What they heard was a cautious pronouncement designed to have as much

appeal for an Oregon farmer as for a down-East manufacturer. Items:

¶ For advocates of cheap Government power, a promise that the Department of the Interior would "emphasize those multipurpose projects with hydroelectric developments which, because of size or complexity, are beyond the means of local, public or private enterprise."

¶ For free enterprisers, assurance that the Administration believes that the primary responsibility for supplying the power needs of any area rests with the local inhabitants rather than with the Federal Government.

¶ For publicly or cooperatively owned utilities, a guarantee that they will get first chance to buy Government generated power (but private companies would not be strong-armed out of the way).

Like most middle-of-the-roads, Mc-

Canyon project (TIME, May 18). The indications are that there will be more such decisions, and that McKay's acts, like his pronouncements, will represent a cautious shift to the side of private enterprise.

THE PRESIDENCY

A Day in the City

Like any other vacationer who has to take time out for a trip to the city, Dwight Eisenhower tried to cram a great deal of activity into one 10-hour day last week. When he arrived at New York's La Guardia Field, the President was still drowsy-eyed from his in-flight sleep, but well-rested for the schedule ahead.

He had just finished breakfast in the cream-colored presidential suite of the Waldorf-Astoria when U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge dropped in on his way

birthday with the dedication of Baruch Houses, a \$32 million, Federal-city slum-clearance housing project named for Baruch's father, Dr. Simon Baruch.

In one short day, in politically sensitive New York, the President proved his awareness of political currents. He had 1) demonstrated his antipathy toward racial discrimination; 2) given his blessing to public housing; and 3) for the first time, put his presidential backing behind a G.O.P. candidate for municipal office.

BUREAUCRACY

Stassen's Quiz

Ever since Confucius gave the idea to the Chinese, governments in various ways have been making their civil servants take examinations to get their jobs.* Last week Director Harold Stassen of the Foreign Operations Administration introduced a variation of this principle. He gave 1,700 employees a sweeping set of intelligence tests, to help determine which 400 should be fired.

Stassen planned the tests as an "objective indication of ability" after Congress, in cutting FOA's appropriation, had given him blanket authority to disregard civil service regulations, seniority, or even veterans' preference in pruning his staff. Clerical staff members (\$3,000 a year and below) took a basic test in vocabulary and reading comprehension; higher-placed FOAers faced a more difficult exam (45 questions, 75 minutes). Bureaucrats on a policy level had a public affairs test to contend with (70 questions, 2 hours), or, if they wished, a two-hour examination in "administrative judgment."

The tests were rough, and they covered a wide area. Among the subjects for questioning: parity farm prices, the Federal Reserve system, the effect of glaciation on flora. Sample question: "Which of the following metropolitan daily newspapers would least have to add to its staff during a general election? The Denver Post, New York Herald Tribune, Atlanta Constitution, San Francisco Chronicle, Chicago Tribune?"

To soothe the protests of C.I.O. government workers' unions, Director Stassen took three of the tests himself, in company with C. D. Jackson, White House adviser and onetime publisher of

¶ The Chinese instituted a program of civil service examinations in 165 B.C., along the lines of a proposal Confucius had made two centuries before. As finally formalized, the system classed aspiring civil servants into three general types: the *küin-t'ai*, or "budding genius," who could pass the basic district examination; the *chü-jên*, or "promoted man," who passed provincewide tests, and the *chin-shih*, or "achieved scholar," the man who passed an examination at the national capital.

† Answer: the Atlanta Constitution, since the general election is not so important as the primary in Georgia, a predominantly Democratic state.



GOVERNOR, PRESIDENT & FRIEND IN MANHATTAN
During the time out, a triple play.

International

Kay irritated extremists on both political sidewalks. The left-wing Americans for Democratic Action condemned the new program as "an ill-concealed giveaway of resources which belong to all the people," and the Fair Dealing New York Post saw "special interests . . . winning the battle of the Potomac." Columnist David Lawrence, an arch-Republican, complained that "the statement reaffirms more of the New Deal than the Old Deal. . ."

For all its political hedging, McKay's statement jettisoned the Washington-cando-it-better philosophy which dominated Federal power policy during 20 years of Democratic rule. In the final analysis, the policy of the Eisenhower Administration would be judged by the specific actions of McKay's Interior Department. So far McKay's chief decision in the field of power policy had been to favor the Idaho Power Co.'s plans for hydroelectric development of the Snake River over the Interior Department's long-standing Hell's

to the U.N. Then Vice President Nixon arrived for the swearing-in of his Committee on Government Contracts, set up to enforce anti-discrimination clauses (TIME, Aug. 24). At 11:30 a.m., Harold Riegelman, Republican nominee for New York's mayoralty, turned up. Ike gave Candidate Riegelman half an hour of his busy day, followed it up with a friendly endorsement.

After lunch Ike drove through cheering crowds (an estimated 1,750,000 saw him during the day) to the fly-specked Board of Elections building, where he registered for the November city election by signing his name in the registry book, giving his address as 60 Morningside Drive (his old residence as president of Columbia University). Then he headed deeper into the Lower East Side, joined Governor Tom Dewey, Cardinal Spellman and other dignitaries at a birthday celebration for Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch. The city was honoring Baruch on his 83rd



FORTUNE. "Pretty difficult," said Stassen when he came out of the examination room. Groaned Jackson: "It was a stinker." They both passed, although FOA staffers noted bitterly that neither had a job at stake. When their marks were made public last week (other test results were kept confidential), Director Stassen had notched up a 52 out of a possible 70 in the public affairs test; Jackson had hit 49 out of 70. This gave Stassen, experts said, a rating of "excellent."

Back on the Team

In the first get-going months of the Eisenhower Administration, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks resoundingly stubbed his toe by firing Dr. Allen V. Astin, 40, head of the National Bureau of Standards, in a row over Bureau tests of the battery additive AD-X2 (TIME, April 27). In the ensuing hullabaloo of scientific outrage and threatened resignations, Weeks reconsidered, decided to keep Astin for a few months, ostensibly while he looked for a permanent replacement.

Last week "Sinny" Weeks pulled back all the way, announced that Astin would be retained as "a key official . . . a member of my team." But hereafter, said Weeks, Astin's men would confine their work to "the technical area," leave to Weeks the decisions on what commercial products should be tested and whether unfavorable findings should be publicized.

In the same week the Post Office Department, noting "substantial" disagreement as to the battery-rejuvenation merits of AD-X2, withdrew a fraud order against it. Crowded Jess M. Ritchie, dauntless co-inventor and promoter of AD-X2: "We're ready to pour it into every battery in the country."

DEMOCRATS

Home Again

For the first few months after a U.S. presidential election, the defeated candidate is like a girl whose date has failed to appear—all dressed up and nowhere to go. He has to do something, but to find a course of action that is both safe and satisfying is far from easy. Five and a half months ago Adlai Stevenson decided to solve the problem by gratifying his desire to see more of the world. Last week, bouncing out of a DC-6B at New York's Idlewild Airport, Stevenson was home again, tanned, a bit more rotund, and apparently still very eligible.

In the 30-odd nations he had visited, Stevenson had conducted himself with a nonpartisan sense of responsibility, wisdom and tact. What had he been called on to explain most often? "McCarthyism," said Stevenson with no pause at all. He was cautiously optimistic about the state of the world. "We have been winning the cold war, step by step," he said. "In consequence, the danger of world war has diminished . . . for the present." But the picture also had its dark side—which Democrat Stevenson by implication laid

at the door of the Eisenhower Administration. Said he: "Just now, unhappily, [U.S.] prestige and moral influence have declined, together with faith in our judgment and our leadership . . . There is an impression that we are inflexible and erratic."

From New York Adlai flew on to Chicago, where he was greeted by a handful of Democratic notables and Stevenson "volunteers"—including a girl fan who kicked off her shoes so that she wouldn't look taller than her hero. Chicago newsmen, tying Stevenson down to domestic politics, found him still the old quipster.

Q. Do you still consider yourself the head of the Democratic Party?

A. Did I ever?



STEVENS ON IN CHICAGO
He didn't know and wouldn't say.

Q. Do you intend to move to California and run for the Senate?

A. No. Hollywood hasn't asked for me, either.

Q. Will you run for Democratic Senator in Illinois?

A. Against Paul Douglas? Under no circumstances.

Q. Do you agree that Senator Douglas was right in saying that President Eisenhower is deservedly popular with the people?

A. I'm sure the President is trying to do his best . . .

Stevenson's first day at home in Libertyville, Ill., was thoroughly political. He got a fill-in on recent Democratic developments from National Committee Chairman Steve Mitchell, and made a pair of well-publicized phone calls to tell Senate Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson and House Minority Leader Sam Rayburn that he was "mighty proud" of the party's record in the 83rd Congress. (One of his

first acts on arriving in New York had been to call up Harry Truman in Independence, Mo.) Mostly Adlai planned to spend his time resting, until Sept. 14-15, when Democratic bigwigs will officially welcome him home at a nationally televised rally in Chicago.

To the prime question about his political future Adlai Stevenson last week replied: "I don't know whether I'm going to run for President in 1956, and if I did, I wouldn't tell you." It was a true Stevensonian statement—one which, in the light of past history, made it possible to say that Stevenson was behaving mightily like a man who was thinking about a certain date all over again.

INVESTIGATIONS

Loyalty in the GPO

Operating as a one-man subcommittee, Joe McCarthy last week picked up an old scent from the House Committee on Un-American Activities, subpoenaed some new witnesses, and came up with a striking instance of the flabbiness of the Truman Administration's loyalty program.

McCarthy's principal quarry was Edward Rothschild, for 20 years a bookbinder in the vast Government Printing Office. Had Rothschild ever been a Communist? The question was highly pertinent because the GPO prints, along with its many dull governmental publications, secret military reports, and advance texts of important documents like Supreme Court decisions and the U.S. budget. Rothschild refused to answer, ducked behind the Fifth Amendment. Had he ever stolen a secret code from the office? Had he spied against the U.S.? The answers were the same—no answer. That afternoon, the GPO suspended the reticent bookbinder without pay.

Rothschild's wife Esther, who had been identified as a Communist in earlier testimony, was no more communicative. In 30-odd questions she admitted only that she was Rothschild's wife and had belonged to a parent-teachers' association.

The testimony by and about the Rothschilds took McCarthy to an obvious question: Why hadn't Rothschild been fired from the GPO long before? The FBI had a plump file on him, but he passed two loyalty screenings and stayed in his job. GPO officials explained that the loyalty board did not believe the charges, and that Rothschild himself denied under oath in 1948 that he was a Communist. Had the loyalty board called in any of the witnesses named in the FBI file? No. "It is not customary to call any witnesses except those requested by the accused." In 1951, the FBI notified the GPO that Esther Rothschild was an active Communist. Had the GPO looked into that? No. Hadn't all the information brought out by the McCarthy subcommittee been available to the loyalty board? Replied GPO's personnel director, S. Preston Hipsley: "You developed the spirit in [Rothschild] of refusal to cooperate. We did not face that, sir."

COMMUNISTS

56 Convictions

In Pittsburgh's Federal District Court last week, five more U.S. Communist leaders were found guilty of conspiring to teach the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government. For 50-year-old Steve Nelson, former C.P. chieftain in western Pennsylvania, it was the second legal blow in a little more than a year. (Last July Nelson drew a 10-to-20-year sentence for violation of the Pennsylvania Sedition Act.) For the Communist Party U.S.A., it was the sixth courtroom disaster in as many years. Since 1948, when the U.S. Government set out to prosecute the party's known leadership, 56 U.S. Communists have been convicted under the 13-year-old Smith Act, which carries a maximum penalty of ten years' imprisonment and \$10,000 fine.

ARMED FORCES

Local Customs Stowed

Noting that 21 U.S. Navy shore stations in the South still follow local custom in segregating Negro and white civilian employees, Navy Secretary Anderson last week verbally requested shore station commanding officers to put an end to separate facilities. Then Anderson heard that some of his C.O.s would ignore the request until they got written orders. Anderson obliged; his aides wrote off a directive and ordered a report on progress in 60 days.

Anderson's order seemed effectively timed. At big Deep South Naval installations like the Charleston Navy Yard, it came on the heels of an announcement of general employment cutbacks—at a time when any would-be troublemakers are likely to keep quiet, to keep their jobs.

The Greatest VIP

After his release from a Communist prison camp in Korea last week, a thin, boyish-looking Nisei soldier from Gallup, N.Mex. went through Freedom Village's routine processing: a puff of DDT powder, a quick physical examination and a cup of ice cream. Then, to his astonishment, Sergeant Hiroshi H. Miyamura, 27, was pulled out of line and led to a rosette of microphones in the press area. While cameras whirled, Brigadier General Ralph Osborne, commanding officer of Freedom Village, made an announcement. "I want to take this occasion to welcome the greatest VIP, the most distinguished guest to pass through this center. Miyamura, you have been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor."

The sergeant, second Japanese-American (first in Korea) to win the nation's highest award, could only gulp. Then, when the correspondents pressed him for details, he told his story. In April 1951, he and his squad were holding a position near the Imjin River. That night, the Chinese attacked. Miyamura and his men gave ground reluctantly, used up nearly all their ammunition. With only four of



United Press
SERGEANT MIYAMURA & GENERAL
A well-kept secret.

his twelve men left, Miyamura collected the remaining ammunition, ordered the others to fall back while he covered their retreat. By the time they had reached safety, Sergeant Miyamura was surrounded by the Communists. As he was led past his squad's old defensive position, Miyamura counted 40 to 50 dead Chinese.

For 28 months the sergeant was a prisoner, and his Congressional Medal was a well-kept Defense Department secret. If the award had been publicly announced, General Osborne explained to Sergeant Miyamura last week, "you might not have come back alive."

A Crucial Case of Murder

Last May, four air police walked into the Jones & Laughlin mill in Pittsburgh and asked for Bob Toth, a young (21) steelworker. When they found him at work, the APs handcuffed him, took him to the Greater Pittsburgh Airport, where he was ordered aboard a military plane. Five days later, Toth, who had gotten his honorable discharge five months earlier, was in a guardhouse in Taegu, Korea, awaiting trial by court-martial on a charge of murder.



Associated Press
EX-SERGEANT TOTH & MOTHER
A shot in the dark.

At Washington's National Airport last week, Bob Toth, a wan and bleary-eyed traveler, stepped from a commercial airliner into the arms of his tearful mother and sister. The murder charge still hung over him, and he remained in Air Force custody, but he had won the first round of the toughest tug of war in years between civilian and military authorities.

Order to Shoot. The case began at an Air Force bomb dump in Taegu in September 1952. One night, Toth was on duty as sergeant of the guard. As he told the story later: "A gook who was drunk came into the area. The guard was on duty with a dog, and he holed twice to the gook to halt, and when the gook didn't stop, he tried to get the dog to stop him. [but] the dog wouldn't attack. Then the guard fired two shots. These shots woke me, and I went to the area in a Government jeep . . . I tried to get the dog to attack the gook, and the dog wouldn't attack. The guard and I, together, put the gook in the jeep. After we got the gook in the jeep, the gook, who was in the back, went for my pistol. I knocked hell out of him with the back of my hand, hit him behind the ear. I took the gook to the office and reported to the officer of the guard. I told the officer what had happened, and he said take him out and shoot him."

The unfortunate "gook," a South Korean civilian named Bang Soon Kil, was taken to a secluded reversion, where the guard killed him with a single shot. "I didn't want anything to do with it," Toth claimed. "So I got the hell out of there. When I was back at the guardhouse, I heard a shot, got into the jeep and went back to the bomb dump. When I got there, I saw the gook lying on the ground."

Last week an Air Force court-martial in Korea sentenced the officer of the guard, Lieut. George Schreiber, 25, to life imprisonment. At the same time, the life sentence of Airman Thomas L. Kinder, 21, the guard who fired the fatal shot, was reduced to two years. No one questioned the sentences, or the military's right to try Kinder and Schreiber, who are still in the Air Force. But the case of Bob Toth, a civilian, is a different matter.

Order to Return. While Toth was being yanked back to Korea, his family hired Pittsburgh Attorney Anthony McGrath, who sued for a writ of habeas corpus. The Air Force, McGrath insisted, had no right to take Toth into custody. He had been arrested without a warrant, moreover, and spirited out of the country with no hearing before a competent civilian authority. The Air Force claimed the authority of Article 3a of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, which states that former servicemen who committed major crimes while in military service "shall not be relieved from amenability to trial by courts-martial by reason of the termination of said status." Lawyer McGrath (who died later of a heart attack) questioned the constitutionality of Article 3a.

Federal Judge Alexander Holtzoff, who heard the case in Washington, acknowledged the military's right to try a civilian

for his military crimes, but questioned its authority to arrest a civilian, much less abduct him to a foreign country. Then Judge Holtzoff ruled that a writ of habeas corpus should be issued. The Air Force reluctantly brought its prisoner home for a court hearing scheduled for next week.

The case poses a crucial point. If the Uniform Code is constitutional, it could conceivably mean that in the future no ex-serviceman will be wholly beyond the reach of military justice. On the other hand, if Toth wins his freedom from the Air Force, he will probably never stand trial, since the case is clearly outside the jurisdiction of any civil court. For Toth, a long series of courtroom struggles and appeals lies ahead, and the end could bring him anything from scot-free to death before a firing squad.

THE JUDICIARY

Olympian Tussle

Next to the Supreme Court Justices, the most influential judges in the U.S. are those who sit on famed "CCA-2"—the U.S. court of appeals for the second circuit (New York, Connecticut, Vermont). Last month Chief Judge Thomas Swan retired, at 75, from his \$17,500-a-year lifetime seat on that bench. Last week President Eisenhower was getting ready to fill the job—the first important judicial appointment of his Administration. The choice lay between a candidate with top-drawer political credentials and one carrying the blue-ribbon endorsement of leaders of the second circuit's bench and bar.

The leading political candidate is Connecticut's ex-U.S. Senator John A. Danaher, 54, a onetime Taftman, who campaigned last year for Eisenhower. Danaher has the backing of Connecticut's Senators Prescott Bush and William Purtell. Danaher's legal background: left Yale Law School in his final year, took his bar exams after clerking in a lawyer's office; now has a substantial practice in Washington, where he mingles law with lobbying. The other candidate is Connecticut's senior U.S. District Judge Carroll C. Hincks, 63, Republican and Yale Law graduate ('14), appointed to the district court by Herbert Hoover in 1931.

Retired Judge Swan and two other distinguished alumni of CAA-2, Learned and Augustus Hand, first heard officially about Danaher's prospects from FBI agents who were checking Danaher's record. The three judges promptly rendered their opinion by joining 20 other leading New York, Connecticut and Vermont lawyers and ex-judges in a "memorandum" to Attorney General Herbert Brownell. Its thinly veiled message: an endorsement of Hincks and a veto for Danaher. Brownell sent back a noncommittal thanks for a "thoughtful analysis of the problem."

The whole exchange was conducted in the most Olympian of legal tones, but it did not take a lawyer to detect that the President would be walking into a first-class tussle when he made the new appointment.

TAXES

Willing to Wait

The Administration's reluctance to cut taxes before the Federal budget is in balance has the support of a majority of voters, reported Pollster George Gallup this week. Asked whether the Republicans should carry out their promise to lower taxes next January even at the cost of an unbalanced budget, 52% of Gallup's sampling said no, only 36% yes. Of the Republicans polled, 53% were willing to forgo a tax cut; of the Democrats, an even 50%.

The New Commissioner

Housewives in six New England states were surprised last month to meet a new breed of bill collector—Internal Revenue Service agents, who traveled from door to door with a sometimes embarrassing question: Had the occupant paid his federal



Vince Finnigan

TAX COLLECTOR ANDREWS

He knocks on any door.

taxes? If the answer was yes, the canvassers asked for proof—a receipt, return or canceled check. If no evidence was available, the agents took down names & addresses to check against the service's records. If delinquency was admitted, the agents were happy to accept on-the-spot payments. Door-slammers were likely to be visited by another kind of caller, a man with a summons.

Reaction was violent. "This is the sort of thing that the Communist government does in Russia," cried Massachusetts Representative Edith Nourse Rogers. "A strange, dangerous, intolerable thing," echoed the *Boston Record*. But the taxpayer public, once it got the point that only tax-dodgers need fear the ringing doorbell, seemed well pleased with "Operation Snoop," as the press called it. Last week, when the tabulation of the two-day canvass was reported, it looked like a tax-collector's dream. Out of 8,800 New Eng-

landers questioned, 1,150 (13%) confessed delinquencies, and dug up \$80,000 in overlooked taxes. Other queasy, uncannily delinquents sent in an additional \$162,000. The service, which spent \$10,250 in salaries for the 258 canvassers, realized \$34 in taxes for every \$1 spent.

Into the Field. The man behind Operation Snoop is Commissioner of Internal Revenue T. (for Thomas) Coleman Andrews, 54, a self-styled "Byrd Democrat." Andrews is a jovial, distinguished-looking Virginian with a fine command of Elizabethan English and an enthusiasm for rod & gun. He inherited an IRS which was left a shambles by the tax scandals of the Truman Administration. In seven months he has rejuvenated morale and rebuilt his staff with complete disdain for political recommendations. Principal reorganization: cutting the number of IRS regional offices from 17 to nine, at the same time transferring large chunks of responsibility and authority from Washington to the regional offices. Result: 1,500 Washington jobs eliminated, 1,200 added in the field. "We're taking away from the red-tape crew," he explains, "and increasing the workers who go out and actually harvest the tax crop."

Andrews stands out from his predecessors in the IIR most notably because he is the first collector in history who is an experienced auditor and accountant. After high school in Richmond, he went to work as an office boy with Armour & Co., soon took up bookkeeping as an after-hours sideline. He passed the CPA examinations at 21, became the nation's youngest accredited accountant. After founding his own auditing firm, he later took on the additional job of Virginia State auditor. Virginia remembers him for uncovering 100 cases of corruption and fraud, sending a county clerk and five county treasurers to jail, and setting up an annual system for county accounts that was so airtight that bonding companies slashed premiums for public officials.

Fair Game. Andrews' reforms have not won him unanimous applause. The capital's tax lawyers resent his decentralization, which means fewer advisory fees for them. Some G.O.P. bigwigs are irritated by his refusal to accept patronage appointments. "I don't blame him for running his own shop," scowled a top-ranking Republican, "but just because a man is okayed by the national committee doesn't mean he's got lice." Snaps Andrews: "Politics ruined this outfit before."

The door-to-door canvass in New England brought qualms to many a Congressman, who feared that the snooping might have an explosive political kickback. But Coleman Andrews answers the political catervauling by citing his \$24-\$1 return. Last week the eight other regional commissioners were preparing to extend the doorbell ringing to every corner of the U.S. Says Andrews: "I'm convinced that we're going to get about all that it is practical to get out of the present tax laws. The future looks awfully good."

NEWS IN PICTURES



Associated Press

BURNING WRECKAGE of office equipment, hurled from Communist newspaper plant, makes roaring bonfire during attack by monarchists on Tudeh party supporters of ex-Premier Mossadegh.

ANGRY ROYALISTS, waving staves and metal-tipped spears, haul down nationalist sign from Teheran headquarters of Pan-Iranian party, whose members had voted against Shah day before.



IRAN MOBS RIOT FOR THEIR SHAH

Associated Press



RIOT VICTIM, one of more than 200 killed during four-hour street fight against troops and tanks guarding Mossadegh's home, is

carried on a board through streets of Iranian capital. Royalist demonstrators wave a portrait of Shah (upper left) in victory salute.

FOREIGN NEWS

IRAN

The People Take Over

The violent, hot land of Iran last week headed uncontrollably over the crumbling edge of the abyss, and then, during three wild days, pulled itself back to safety.

When the week began, Mohammed Mossadeq seemed safely on top. The Shah was in flight; the fanatic mullahs' and the stubborn Majlis' opposition was hidden or cowed; the army was a sullen eunuch; the world resigned. Who was there to say him no?

His street supporters celebrated with a carnival of destruction. Communist and Nationalist mobs swarmed deliriously over Teheran's principal squares, pulling down the great bronze statues of the Shah and his father. They opened and defiled the Reza Shah's tomb, spat on the Shah's picture, applauded as Foreign Minister Hussein Fatemi cried: "To the gallows!" with the young Shah.

The Ambassador's Call. At sundown of the second day, wily old Mossadeq seemed to have all Teheran in his hand. But something was stirring in Teheran that could not yet be measured. Perhaps Mossadeq, unopposed, had gone too far and too fast and frightened the people. Perhaps the Shah's flight forced them at last to decide between monarch and Premier.

Precisely at 6 p.m., U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson (back the previous day from two months' vacation) mounted the stairs to Mossadeq's bedroom at 109 Kakh Street. Henderson stayed one hour; soon after he left, things began to happen.

What went on up in Mossadeq's bedroom? Henderson began by protesting the stoning of six U.S. citizens' cars that day, and asked assurances that U.S. lives and property would be protected. Otherwise, he would order all American women and children evacuated. That startled Mossadeq. Then the ambassador inquired politely about the legal validity of Mossadeq's regime in view of the Shah's parting decree, in which he fired Mossadeq and named General Fazlollah Zahedi in his place. When Henderson quit the room, Mossadeq was firmly convinced that the U.S. was undecided whether to continue to recognize him as Iran's Premier.

Happy to Oblige. Apparently this fitted together with other doubts and misgivings that were gathering in Mossadeq's mind. Shaken, the old man went to the phone and ordered his army and police to drive the rioting Reds off the street. That call, turning the army loose on the most powerful street support he had, was Mossadeq's fatal mistake. The troops were only too happy to oblige; they clubbed the rioters unmercifully and punctuated their thudding gun butts with shouts of "Long live the Shah" and "Death to traitors." Growing bolder, they forced the Reds at bayonet point to cheer the Shah, too. The next morning, the bruised and bitter Tudeh Central Committee proclaimed: "No more aid to Mossadeq, who is a compromising traitor," and the Reds retreated into hiding. He had disappointed them: Mossadeq in their eyes was to have been the Kerenky who preceded them to power. Now, suddenly, their fortunes had changed.

The third day was the people's day. The shabbily dressed poor poured out of their south Teheran slums, chanting, "Long live the Shah." Others, armed with knives and clubs, joined them. Shopkeepers pulled down the shutters in front of their stores and swelled the march. Ordered to stop the parades, the soldiers turned, instead, on their officers. Eight truckloads of troops and five tanks, dispatched to the city to help Mossadeq, turned over their equipment to the first pro-Shah mob they met.

Flanked now by soldiers, the mob began a nine-hour-long assault on one Mossadeq stronghold after another. When they finished, they had captured the police station and Radio Teheran; they had sacked eight government buildings and two pro-Mossadeq newspaper plants; they had smashed the headquarters of the Tudeh and the pro-Mossadeq Pan-Iranian party.

This was no military coup, but a spontaneous popular uprising; individual soldiers joined, but not a single army unit came in. Not until 4 p.m., when an air force general appeared before General Zahedi's hideout with a tank, did Zahedi emerge and take command of a field already won. The General-Premier and his officers were as surprised by the victory as the people themselves. The army had planned to counterattack Mossadeq on Friday; the people beat them to it by two days.

Last Stand. Mossadeq's last stand came at 109 Kakh Street. U.S.-built Sherman tanks, ranged at each end of the tree-lined avenue, duelled for four hours,



THE YOUNG SHAH:
HE RETURNS TO
A NEW POPULARITY

THE Shah is not the man his father was—but he never wanted to be. His father, an illiterate Cossack officer who founded a dynasty and unified and modernized Iran, was cruel and extravagant. When he slept in a town, all its dogs were killed lest one bark; he jailed his opponents, hung them by their heels and kicked out their teeth. With an army crop he once whipped a mullah. On the plus side, he reorganized the army, ended child marriage, unveiled the women, codified the civil law.

Simultaneously barbaric and benevolent, he treated his oldest son the same way. The boy liked and was liked at private school in Switzerland; after five happy years, his father brought him home, consoled him with mistresses and sent him to

the military academy with strict orders that he be treated roughly. Mohammed Reza Pahlavi grew into a mild and friendly youth, somewhat unsure of himself, who played with fast cars, fast women and fast planes. In 1941, when the British exiled his father from his throne for trafficking with the Nazis, Mohammed Reza, at 21, became the Shahinshah.

He promptly set free his father's political prisoners, and announced that he would break up his father's vast estates into small parcels for sale to the landless. He told an interviewer that dictatorships are dangerous "because no one man can always make the proper decision; democracy permits the pooling of ideas for checks and balances." Unfortunately, he was checked more often than he balanced; he was never forceful enough in advocating his own good ideas.

His first wife (whom he divorced after nine years, one daughter, and no son) was Farouk's handsome sister Fawzia. The Shah asked his older sister, Princess Chams, to find him a new wife, and the princess began a search that spread to Europe. A friend one day suggested an Iranian girl to the princess, followed it up

QUEEN SORAYA:
IRANIANS LIKE A
HOMEBODY WIFE



by bringing along her photo. The girl was 19-year-old Soraya Esfandiari, the beautiful commoner daughter of a chief of the powerful Bakhtiari tribe. The Shah looked, said: "If Soraya is as good as her pictures, I'll take her." The princess met Soraya in Paris, sent back glowing reports. They were married in February 1951.

The young royal couple got along fine together. High strung, she does not enjoy queenly functions, preferring to be alone with her husband. She has taken up his favorite sports, horseback riding and skiing. Soraya loves expensive clothes, has lots of them, wears them well. Iranians like their women to stay quietly in the background; she is therefore popular. So far the Shah and his wife have no children.

75-mm. shells clanging off their World War II armor. The defending Mossadegh forces ran out of ammunition first, and it was all over. The losing commander was turned over to the royalist mob, which pulled him apart. A tank smashed the green grill gate, and thousands of attackers swarmed into the yard. Mossadegh had got away.

The mob tore apart the famous iron cot on which Mossadegh had reigned so long with weepy-eyed, irrational stubbornness. The rioters ripped the house to pieces, hauled the furniture into the streets and auctioned it off (a new electric refrigerator went for \$36). Soon, nothing remained of 109 Kakh Street but memories of a regime which had stood Iran and the Western world on its ear for more than two years. But, even in his last hours of power, Mohammed Mossadegh cost the nation dear: 300 died that day. Dressed in silk pajamas, Mossadegh surrendered 24 hours later to General Zahedi, was temporarily imprisoned in the luxurious Teheran Officers' Club and then carted off to a common jail cell.

Tennis Partner. The man in whose name the street mobs prevailed had fled his native land three days before, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the Shahinshah, arrived in Rome with a two-day beard on his chin, accompanied by his disheveled, 21-year-old Queen, who was on the verge of tears. That night, unable to sleep, the Shah paced the living room of their three-room suite at Rome's showy Hotel Excelsior. With his personal pilot, Major Mohammed Khatami, he talked over future plans for a pleasant exile. "He asked me to stay with him," the major said later. "I told him I was afraid I would become a burden to him." "Who," asked the Shah

plaintively, "is going to play tennis with me if you leave me?"

The Shah bought himself four tennis rackets and a pair of black antelope shoes; Soraya bought lingerie and two crocodile handbags and, at a couturier's, ordered a dozen summer frocks. That noon, in the Excelsior dining room, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi began his shrimp cocktail, just another king in exile; by the time he reached his coffee, he was back in business as Shah. A reporter (*see PRESS*) rushed to his table with the news: "Mossadegh has been overthrown. Your Majesty!" The Shah's jaw dropped; his trembling fingers reached for a cigarette. "Can it be true?" he asked uncertainly. The Queen was quicker on the uptake. "How exciting," said Soraya, placing a calming hand on her husband's arm. "It shows how the people stand," said the Shah at last. "I have to admit that I haven't had a very important part in the revolution." Aides scurried off to check airline schedules.

Now the Iranian chargé d'affaires in Rome and a functionary from the Italian Foreign Ministry, both of whom had ignored the Shah's hurried arrival in Rome, came to pay their belated respects. On top of things again, the Shah refused to see the chargé d'affaires who had snubbed him; later the Shah had him fired. Next morning, the Shah slipped out to a jeweler's and selected a variety of diamond baubles for Soraya. This was a consolation gift for her agreeing to remain a while in Rome for her "health." Then he boarded a chartered K.L.M. airliner for Baghdad, where he put on his gold-braided air marshal's uniform (specially flown from Teheran). He piloted his own twin-engined Beechcraft on the final leg to his capital.

Triumphal Arches. Six days after fleeing into exile, the Shah was back in his capital, stronger than ever, without having lifted a finger. Though his flight had reflected his panic, it also served to precipitate the crisis and thereby, in the end, had proved beneficial. For the people had shown more faith in him and in the throne he occupied than he himself suspected. Premier Zahedi and the entire frock-coated diplomatic corps were at the airport to greet him.

In the swirl of officials and newspapermen and honor guards, the Shah made his way with difficulty. Two bureaucrats flung themselves on the ground before him, embraced his legs and tried to kiss his feet; embarrassed in front of the foreign newspapermen, the Shah, after patting the bureaucrats' heads, tried to disengage himself. He looked tired, and as he made his way down the reception line past teary-eyed officials, his own eyes filled too. He clasped Ambassador Henderson's hand heartily; he gave Soviet Envoy Anatoly Lavrentiev a perfunctory handclasp. Then he was off to the palace in a limousine, under hastily erected triumphal arches and past cheering crowds.

Later he received newsmen in the fountain-echoing garden of Saadabad Palace and spoke some brutal truths: "The treasury is empty. We need help in the next few days. We do not ask any nation in particular, and we are not beggars, but if help does not come, we will have a nightmarish struggle." In the streets, Americans who had recently been greeted with cries of "Americans, go home," now found themselves welcomed happily by Iranians who let them know that the Iranians had done all of this for them and now counted on help from the U.S.



GENERAL ZAHEDI:

AFTER MOSSADEGH.

A TOUGH SOLDIER

GENERAL Fazlollah Zahedi, who succeeds Mossadegh, is an ambitious nationalist and a tough soldier. He is no reformer, like Egypt's Naguib or Syria's Shishkehy. Now 56, he has a hard, rocklike face, topped by straight, greying hair; he stands tall and straight despite severe arthritis.

He was a brigadier general at 25. Twice in his life he has been police chief of Teheran (pop. 1,000,000), a job which attests to his courage and his capacity for intrigue. During World War II, when the British and the Russians jointly occupied Iran and deposed the present Shah's father, Zahedi commanded the Isfahan military district in the South. The British got wind that Zahedi was masterminding the

Melliyyun-I-Iran, a clandestine nationalist gang plotting with German secret agents to foment revolt against the Allied occupiers. On the side, Zahedi was making a tidy profit by commandeering the region's wheat stocks and holding on until starving Iranians forked over a top price.

The British sent Cloak & Dagger Agent Fitzroy Maclean (later chief of a mission to Tito, now a Conservative M.P.) to capture Zahedi. Maclean kidnaped him right under the nose of his own guard and shipped him off to Palestine for the rest of the war as a prisoner. In Zahedi's bedroom at the time of his arrest, Maclean itemized the following: a collection of German automatic weapons; some opium; a large supply of silk underwear; letters from German parachutist-agents operating in the hills; an illustrated register of the city's prostitutes.

Home again at war's end, Zahedi first held an important regional army command, then was Minister of the Interior when Mossadegh first took office. Mossadegh kept him on. The two cooperated to boot out the British oil company; but Mossadegh's toleration of the outlawed

Tudeh Reds enraged General Zahedi. On that issue they parted, and became sworn enemies.

Appointed a Senator by the Shah, Zahedi held automatic immunity from arrest. In October 1952, Mossadegh dissolved the whole Senate, apparently in order to nab Zahedi. Under arrest, the general was still a nuisance; he roamed his old haunts at the Interior Ministry and police headquarters, issuing orders and communiqués. After a month of it, Mossadegh set him free.

Last April, when assassins murdered Mossadegh's police chief, the dragnet immediately went out for Zahedi, who took sanctuary in the Majlis for six weeks. When Mossadegh dissolved the Majlis, Zahedi fled secretly to the home of the commander of the Shah's Imperial Guards and continued to plot against Mossadegh.

One night last week, the two enemies met once again. As the general waited in his office in Teheran's Officers Club to accept Mossadegh's surrender, the Premier shambled in past lines of soldiers, his shoulders slumped, his eyes in tears. "*Solt ba shoma* [Peace be with you]," said the general. "You see the tables are turned."

GERMANY

Ja or Nein

(See Cover)

Three cars, one bearing the black, red and gold pennant of the West German Federal Republic, wound upwards through the vineyards on the east bank of the Rhine. The first car was a Porsche, weighed down by two policemen; the second, a huge Mercedes with two blue spotlights blinking. A smaller Mercedes brought up the rear, and in it, four policemen sat within gripping distance of four submachine guns.

The three cars came to a halt in the village of Rhöndorf, across the Rhine from Bonn. While they waited, a tall old man, whose face is a graven image, strode down the 53 steps leading from his villa to the street. The policemen's iron heels clicked in unison and the old man, with no smile, lowered himself into the cushions of the big Mercedes. The convoy moved off, purring through vineyards and pine woods until it came to the *Autobahn* and merged with the traffic flowing towards the Ruhr.

"How fast are we going, please?" said the old man, leaning forward.

"One hundred twenty kilometers, Herr Bundeskanzler."

"Go a little faster," commanded Konrad Adenauer, and the needle leaped up to a steady 130 (81 m.p.h.).

15 Million Posters. Almost every day for the past month, the Federal Chancellor of Germany has been urging his driver on. It is election time in Germany, and before the votes are counted on Sept. 6 he hopes to drive 6,000 miles to deliver 45 major speeches. Hundreds of other candidates are also stumping the land.

With less than two weeks to go, 65 different parties are promising the voters everything from a Hohenzollern restoration to a holy war against Russia. Fifteen million posters and 60 million leaflets extol the panaceas of Nazis and Nihilists, Regionalists and Royalists, Capitalists and Socialists, Catholics and Communists. It did not help at all that two groups, with separate slates, presented themselves to the voters as one and the same party: the German Reich Party.

In a nation where democracy has yet to sink its roots deep, 33 million Germans are eligible to vote, and probably 80% of them will. They will elect 484 deputies to the Bundestag, but to most of them the issue is simpler than that. The issue is *Ja or Nein* for the man whom Winston Churchill has called the greatest German statesman since Bismarck: Konrad Adenauer. Adenauer himself believes that the "fate of Europe, the fate of Germany, the fate of our Christian civilization depends on the outcome of September 6." There is much in what he says.

Defeat for Adenauer would be regarded

in Moscow as a major tactical gain. In Germany, it might easily lead to the kind of governmental chaos that emasculated the Weimar Republic in the '20s.

Victory for Adenauer would be great news for the West. It would: 1) confirm Germany's decision to rearm on the side of the West; 2) strengthen Germany's slow experiment in democracy by continuing strong, also stable government. It would bolster the faltering cause of European Union, in which Konrad Adenauer devotedly believes.

Herr Professor. Adenauer has governed West Germany since 1949. Many Germans regard him as the father in *Vaterland*. He seems to tower above them like some eternal *Herr Professor*, not to be argued with, only to be obeyed.

At 77, Adenauer is stiff and unbending, a man of the old school who thinks children—and cabinet officers—should be seen and not heard. Age has not mellowed him, it has made him wise; power has not wearied him, but it has made him as hard as nails.

Opponents call Adenauer foxy, and he is cunning. A more important characteristic is his stonewall immovability, once he is convinced. By refusing to budge an inch in argument, the stonewall Chancellor has worn out general after general of the Allied occupation armies, and sometimes as many as two or three High Commissioners at a time. Adenauer's guiding light is what he calls "the dynamic spiritual force that outlives all politics"—Christian humanism. "Christianity," he says, "is the answer to all ideologies."

Restoration. Firm in this faith, Roman Catholic Adenauer has led his conquered nation, which had been both monster and genius, insane destroyer and industrious creator, back into the society of free nations. This is his greatest claim on the German electorate.

Eight years after the *Götterdämmerung* of 1945, the Western half of Germany is rapidly becoming the most powerful nation in Europe. U.S. aid got the wheels of industry turning; German hard work turned revival into boom. Last week Chancellor Adenauer, touring his busy nation, watched farmers getting in what looked like the biggest harvest since World War II. Franconia's hop fields promised all the beer Germans could drink; the sunny Moselle Valley flowed with good white wine. So fatty prosperous was the countryside that one small town ordered all its councilmen's chairs to be taken out and widened.

Last week the Ruhr's industrial workers were returning from paid vacations. Half a million Germans traveled outside their country in the first six months of 1953, many of them in the humpbacked little *Volkswagen* that are driving British cars off Central Europe's roads. Millions more camped by picture-postcard rivers or along the Baltic shores. Germans pointed Leicas at Rome's Colosseum, Istanbul's bazaars, Granada's Alhambra. Their wives thumbed the linerie in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where Parisian shopkeepers en-



CHANCELLOR ADENAUER AT ELECTION RALLY IN COLOGNE
From the father in *Vaterland*, faith in a great idea

dured the hated language for the sake of the Deutsche mark. Richer folk drove to Greece by way of Yugoslavia, and one of them reminded his host that he had passed this way before—in 1941, in a tank.

Home again in Germany, the vacationists got down to work with the special "Teutonic fury" that is the pride of Germanism and the despair of all its neighbors. August's steel production equaled Britain's (or a rate of 17 million tons a year). Unemployment fell below the 1,000,000 mark for the first time since the



NEO-NAZI NAUMANN
In his master's footsteps.

war. In Stuttgart, five industrialists formed a new "Aero Union" that would leap into production as soon as the Allies remove controls from German aircraft industry—some time next year. The names of their firms: Messerschmitt, Dornier, Heinkel, Focke-Wulf and Daimler-Benz.

New Marks for Old. Not all the outward plenty has spread to the German people. Since the war, 200 new millionaires have risen up; but 10 million Germans are desperately poor. Two million new dwelling units have been built since 1945, but 4,000,000 more are needed.

The uneven distribution of Germany's new-found wealth gives the Socialists ammunition to fire at Adenauer. Their particular targets: Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard and Finance Minister Fritz Schäfer, a pair of thrifty Bavarians who go together like stocks & bonds. These men prescribed hard remedies for Germany's sick economy—and they also effected a cure. Erhard, a professional economist, unshackled German industry from bureaucratic controls. One June day in 1948, he closed the banks and abolished the grotesquely inflated Reichsmark (1,000 marks for a carton of U.S. cigarettes). He introduced the new Deutsche mark at a rate of one to ten of the old Reichsmarks. The exchange wiped out many Germans' savings,

but it restored the nation's faith in its currency. Overnight, business boomed.

Erhard has seen to it that business profits are high. Unemployment has kept the price of labor low. With Adenauer's backing, Finance Minister Schäfer slashed social security benefits to a bare minimum. Widows and veterans suffered, but the German budget balanced. Today, German workers are eating better and earning higher real wages than they did before the war. Most thanked Adenauer for it.

Beamer. The man they thank is a Rhenish bourgeois, and proud of it. The son of a Prussian official, Konrad Adenauer was born in the shadow of Cologne's magnificent Cathedral. His father wanted him to be a banker, but young Konrad was more impressed by the high *Beamte* (officials) who strode about the city in the name of the Kaiser's Reich. At 30, after studying law and economics, he became a *Beamer* too.

Promotions came fast for this grave young man with the Kaiser Wilhelm mustache and high, starched collar. In four years he was deputy mayor. One day in 1917, his driver fell asleep at the wheel and smashed into a streetcar. Adenauer's handsome features were frozen into the scarred mask that distinguishes him today. While he was in the hospital the mayor died, and Cologne's city fathers dropped in to give him the news. "It was a delegation," says Adenauer. "They wanted to make sure I was still normal." He was, so they named him mayor.

Devoted to the mellow, humanist culture of his native Rhineland, Adenauer makes no secret of his distaste for the "uncivilized" Prussians. In 1919 he approved a French-inspired attempt to detach the Rhineland from the Reich. It failed. Today, a German patriot, he is the world's most ardent champion of a Franco-German entente. Explaining his preferences, Adenauer, who seldom drinks, once observed: "There are three Germans. One (Bavaria) is the Germany of beer. A second (Prussia) is the Germany of schnapps, and the third (the Rhineland) is the Germany of wine. The only people sober enough to rule all three in a sane, sensible manner are those from the wine country."

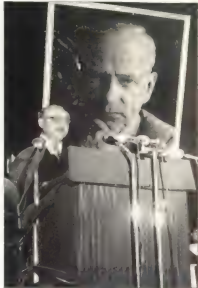
The Good Gardener. The Nazi revolution first came to light in the beer cellars of Bavaria. Prussians made it strong. One day in 1933 Hitler planned a visit to Cologne. His followers draped the Rhine bridge with swastika flags, but Adenauer ordered his police to tear them down. Hermann Göring moved in, fired the bold mayor and ran him out of town.

For the next twelve years Adenauer was a virtual prisoner in his home at Rhündorf. "I became a very good gardener," he says. Twice the Gestapo arrested him, but he was treated as an *Ehrendienstpflichtling* (honorary prisoner) and released unharmed. But Adenauer heard and saw enough of Gestapo brutality to feel bitterly ashamed of his countrymen.

Big Mistake. World War II came to an end for Konrad Adenauer on a quiet Sunday morning. The U.S. 9th Armored Divi-

sion broke into Rhündorf in its drive for the Remagen bridgehead. The lead tank fired three shells in the general direction of a 69-year-old gentleman who was quietly tilling his garden in overalls and straw hat. Adenauer threw himself down and escaped with nothing worse than bruises.

He was still convalescing when a message arrived from the U.S. commander in Cologne, reinstating him as mayor. Five months later, when Cologne became a part of the British zone, Adenauer was sacked for "inefficiency." The British government



SOCIALIST OLLENHAUSER*
Without his master's voice.

has since offered to "confess its mistake," but Adenauer has no hard feelings: Being fired by the British made him a hero, and his popularity boomed. He began laying the foundations for his Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.), and when the Allies summoned a Parliamentary Council, he was named its president.

In the debates over a constitution for the new West German State, Adenauer threw his weight on the side of a strong executive, which he knew from experience was needed to govern Germany. Adenauer had his way, and, so far, the German constitution that resulted has proved far more workable than the French and Italian systems, which make the executive the prisoner of the legislature.

He also led the movement to establish the new German capital in his native Rhineland. "The future capital of Germany should be located among the vineyards," said he, "not in potato fields." One by one, Adenauer ticked off the other possibilities: Berlin—"a city where the monkeys still swing from the trees"; Frankfurt—"too immoral." Adenauer plumped for Bonn, which, conveniently, was within easy commuting distance from

* Standing before poster of his predecessor, the late Kurt Schumacher.

his home in Rhündorf. As usual, he got what he wanted.

I Am 70%. The 1949 elections made Adenauer Chancellor by the irreducible margin of one vote (his majority in the Bundestag: 202 out of 402). His governing coalition has never commanded a steady majority, yet for four years Adenauer has given Germany the most stable government of any large nation in Europe. Most of the time he ruled by sheer force of character, ignoring hostile votes, whitening down men whom he could not overawe, driving where he could not lead. He has the courage to be unpopular.

Adenauer hates to delegate power (he is his own Foreign Minister as well as Chancellor). He trusts no one's judgment but his own, and when subordinates fail to follow his reasoning, he raps out a sarcastic reprimand: "*Mein lieber Freund*, aren't you intelligent?" His Cabinet members protest that he acts first and consults them afterwards. Asked once if his colleagues would support a controversial measure, Adenauer snapped: "Don't worry about that. I am at least 70% of the Cabinet."

Vati. Adenauer takes his autocratic manners home from the office. His seven children are all grown, but they still understand that *Vati* (Daddy) knows best. "He rules our family with a strong hand," son Paul once explained. "If a rose tree must be transplanted, he decides when and where. If my sister wants to bake a cake, he must say yes or no. This is not unusual in Germany, you know. This is how it should be."

The Chancellor gets up at 6 a.m. and shuffles into the bathroom with note pad and pencil. "I get some of my best ideas when I am shaving," he explains. By the time daughter Lotte, 27, leaves for the village school where she teaches German, *Vati* is at work, dictating—in his flat, high-pitched voice—to a private secretary. It is a rigid schedule: the conferences with subordinates in the elegant Schaumburg Palais, the dictated memoranda, the noon nap, the evenings listening to recordings of Haydn, Mozart and Schubert.

Giving up his evenings to race about Germany, making speeches and pumping hands, wrenches the schedule-minded Chancellor more than he cares to admit. Asked how he manages to keep going, the old man replied: "First, one must be of good stock. Second, one must have great patience. There is also a third necessity. One must do everything in one's power for an ideal that one believes in. In my case, it is the ideal of saving Christian civilization . . ."

Great Decision. All last week Adenauer preached his great idea to the German electorate. His biggest rally was at Frankfurt (pop. 524,000), a Socialist stronghold where he drew a Saturday afternoon crowd of 15,000. He was solemn, cool and didactic (and he reminded an American, seeing him for the first time, of Robert A. Taft). "Our country," said Adenauer, "is the point of tension between two world blocs . . . Long ago I

made a great decision: we belong to the West, and not to the East . . . [German] isolation is an idea created by fools. It would mean that the U.S. would withdraw its troops from Europe. *Meine Herren und Damen*," the Chancellor said gravely, "the moment that happens, Germany will become a satellite . . ."

He was getting the biggest crowds, and was supremely confident of victory. U.S. officials in Germany, who want him to win but don't want to hurt his chances by



Gerard Soalt

ECONOMICS MINISTER ERHARD Hard work brought high profits.

saying so, wish he were more inclined to "run scared." It is not his nature.

In Germany's cluttered political landscape, Adenauer does not risk defeat by one strong opposing candidate (as would be the case in a two-party system). His danger is that votes will be dispersed so widely from left to right that he would have difficulty reassembling his coalition.

Half-Moon Chamber. Adenauer's Christian Democrats occupy the center aisles in the half-moon Bundestag chamber. Their opponents sit all around them. The present composition of the Bundestag:

ADENAUER'S COALITION:	
C.D.U. (Christian Democrats)	145
FDP (Free Democrats)	51
DP (German Party)	20
	216

AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT:	
SPD (Socialists)	130
FU (Bavarians and Pacifists)	18
BHE (Refugees)	3
KPD (Communists)	14
Splinter parties	21
	186

Most of the opposition "splinter parties" will be massacred at the polls by the "5% rule," which invalidates all groups winning less than that much of the total vote. The Communists are no

danger at all; this time they too may fail to get 5%. Unlike other European nations, West Germany has no big Communist Party, for the reality is too near.

Three big groups will cause the Chancellor trouble.

The Socialists (SPD) are West Germany's second largest party. They condemn Adenauer as a U.S. puppet and call him "Chancellor of the Allies"; they reject EDC as likely to delay German unity, but when the chips are down, they stand squarely with the West. The Socialists polled 7,000,000 votes in the 1949 election. This time they hope to do better, yet in their speeches at their rallies, something big is missing. It is the great voice and flashing eye of the late Kurt Schumacher (TIME, June 9, 1952), the only man in postwar Germany who could measure up to Adenauer.

Schumacher's successor is tubby little Erich Ollenhauer. He lacks spark, and his party lacks an issue. Old-fashioned Socialist oratory about class warfare falls on deaf ears in the Germany of today. For a time, German unity looked like a hot issue; all Germans want it, and Adenauer seemed slow about pressing for it. But since the June 17 East German riots, Adenauer's contemptuous and firm treatment of the Russians has proven good politics.

The Refugees. One West German in five is a refugee. To politicians in a campaign year, the refugee vote is an irresistible temptation to demagoguery. There are more than 10 million refugees, expelled from Communist Eastern Europe in three great waves. The advancing Red army chased 650,000 from East Prussia and Mecklenburg; most of them settled in the state of Schleswig-Holstein, which has become known as the "poorhouse of Germany." Next came the 8,000,000 *Volksdeutsche* (German ethnic groups) expelled from Eastern Europe. The last wave started when two million hungry East Germans began fleeing across the border.

The refugees live like animals, when and where they can. Konrad Adenauer confesses that "the task of integrating them into a tightly populated area, to see that they get employment, not to let them degenerate and waste away, to care for their young people, to make useful citizens of them—that task reaches out beyond our capacities."

Every German party is wooing them, but one excels all the rest. The All-German Bloc (BHE) began as the League of Expellees and Victims of Injustice. Today it is the private political vehicle of a Polish-born, ex-SS captain named Waldebrand Kraft. In the refugee-laden farmsteads near the Danish border, Kraft's name is magic. In 1950 he ran up 23% of the vote in local elections in Schleswig-Holstein. BHE might win 40 to 50 seats in the Bundestag.

BHE will sell its support to the highest bidder. Conceivably it could provide the Socialists with enough extra seats to enable them to govern. Germans call the BHE the "wild card in the pack." It is the party to watch.

Neo-Nazis. Since 1949, a million ex-Nazis have been re-enfranchised. A dozen pennywhistle Führers are after their votes, but most of their votes will probably go to the extreme right wing of Konrad Adenauer's coalition. Some queer fish have swum into the Free Democratic Party and the German Party, seeking respectability. Until recently they had nowhere else to go.

Now a neo-Nazi outfit called the German Reich Party (DRP) has brazenly entered the lists. Its Führer is handsome Werner Naumann, 43, former chief of staff to Dr. Goebbels, and, by his own account, "the top-ranking Nazi at large." It was he who in 1945 broadcast from the Berlin bunker in which Hitler and Goebbels cowered,* promising the German people that "final victory" would be theirs.

Last January the British arrested Naumann and six associates, three of them ex-Gauleiter, on charges of conspiracy. Germans hissed and booed, but after a close look at the evidence, Bonn's Minister of Justice agreed that the danger was "acute." Naumann went to jail, but later was freed without trial.

His group, it appeared, had used a Düsseldorf import-export firm to organize a neo-Nazi International, with contacts in France, Britain, Spain and Argentina. German firms looking for business in Madrid were told to see Otto Skorzeny, the scar-faced ex-SS officer who recaptured Mussolini in 1943. In Buenos Aires the man to see was Hans Ulrich Rudel, the one-legged Panzerknacker (tankbuster) now attached to Dictator Perón's army-training staff, who last week was given special leave to fly to Germany for a "whirlwind tour of speeches" on behalf of the DRP.

Last week Naumann addressed a beer-hall rally in Hanover that was grimly reminiscent of early Nazi fracasses. Local officials in Westphalia tried to get him hanned from the hall but the publicity would probably do him more good than harm. The betting was that his DRP would win several seats.

No More 1933s. German democracy, a sensitive plant at best, was not yet in mortal danger from evil men like Naumann. It might never be—yet a world that had ignored the doings in a Munich beer cellar in the '20s was not anxious to be duped again. The rise of neo-Nazism and the echoes it was getting from veterans, refugees, chauvinists, and a few big businessmen, served as a warning to the West: that in seeking German arms to solve the "Russian problem," it risks reviving the old "German problem."

Konrad Adenauer's virtue is that he recognizes, and knows how to deal with, both threats to freedom. During his visit to the U.S., he pledged: "We are firmly resolved not to repeat the mistakes of the Weimar Republic, which, by its exaggerated liberalism, permitted the enemies of the country to destroy its democratic institutions. We have . . . laws to prohibit and dissolve such organizations . . . and

we will apply them against radical elements of both the right and the left. There will not be another 1933."

That worriers in the U.S. were assured by Adenauer's promise is a testament to his stature in the world beyond the Reich. And this fact in turn is perhaps his greatest strength at home. For of the many things that Germans have Adenauer to thank for, the greatest is his achievement in restoring Germany to the world's councils. After years of non-fraternization, denazification, war guilt and moral outlawry, Germans were deeply moved to hear that their Federal Chancellor was consulted by Winston Churchill, honored and deferred to by the President of the U.S.

Adenauer knew the feeling; perhaps he shared it himself. Back from his U.S. visit, he told the German radio audience: "I shall never forget the visit to Arlington Cemetery," for there, "for the first time," *Deutschland über Alles* was played together with *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

The Chancellor's campaign managers rammed the point home in big posters:

"He Established Relations with the Free World." A Frankfurt clerk put it more convincingly, after listening to an Adenauer campaign speech. "We Germans have for a long time been on the outside," said 24-year-old Hans Joachim Berke-meier. "We were hated everywhere. Now they respect us. Other countries want to work with us. This is very important." Hans Joachim paused. Then he added: "The old man is the one who did this. He is a great man."

RUSSIA

Feast of Friendship

Busily fishing in Germany's agitated waters, Georgy Malenkov summoned his two chief East German puppets—Otto Grotewohl and Walter Ulbricht—to Moscow last week for a Feast of "Soviet-German Friendship." They were wine-d and dined in Moscow as no German has been since the days of Von Ribbentrop. In a sudden onrush of vodka, the workers' rebellion of June 17 and the puppet regime's



WHEN Americans think of German unification, they are apt to think only of joining together the East and West zones, split by the Iron Curtain. West Germans, however, even on their official maps, look beyond to a third Germany severed at Potsdam in 1945. At that time, Britain and the U.S. reluctantly agreed that Russia and Poland were entitled to territorial compensation at Germany's expense. The final determination of Germany's borders was to come later, in the Big Four Peace Conference that has never been held.

At Potsdam, Russia annexed the northern half of East Prussia, including its ancient capital of Königsberg (now Kaliningrad). Poland took the rest of East Prussia and all German territory east of the Oder and Neisse rivers. An area the size of South Carolina, this included part of Brandenburg, most of Pomerania and all of German Silesia (coal, steel, potatoes). Millions of Germans were thrown out; Polish settlers moved in. The East German Communist government has been forced to sign away its claims on this territory, but West German Chancellor Adenauer has given notice that Germany will never accept the Oder-Neisse line as its eastern frontier. Thus Germany is the one European nation that is even more determined than the U.S. to roll back the Iron Curtain.

* For Hitler's ramblings, some of them from the bunker, see *BOOKS*.

consequent loss of face, were supposed to be forgotten. Malenkov toasted the East German regime as "the bulwark of peaceful forces of all Germany"; he promised to give it "full support and help." A Kremlin communiqué showed what Malenkov had in mind. He offered:

¶ To forgo, from next Jan. 1, all further East German reparations and to cancel her postwar debts.

¶ To release German war prisoners guilty of "minor" crimes. West Germans say the Russians still hold 90,000 to 100,000 German P.W.s. Russia admits to holding only 13,500, of which 9,700 are accused of "grave" war crimes.

¶ To supply \$750 million worth of goods, including coal, rolled steel, copper, zinc and aluminum, four-fifths on credit, and to hand back 33 requisitioned plants.

Grotewohl accepted Malenkov's proposals, the communiqué said, with "satisfaction and gratitude." Malenkov was clearly hoping to put his East German puppets back in business after their pummeling last June. He also used the occasion to accuse Konrad Adenauer of "leading Germany toward a new war," and "again setting Germany against the peoples of Western and Eastern Europe." This was calculated to make some propaganda hay among Germany's fearful neighbors, the Poles, the Czechs and the French. But would it have much effect on the German elections? Probably not, for if there is one thing all West Germans are united on, it is a contempt for Messrs. Grotewohl, Ulbricht & Co.

GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. Attlee Explains

Britain's Labor Party Leader Clement Attlee tried last week to explain why the Chinese Communists should be admitted to the U.N. Admission is not a privilege, he declared, but a recognition of fact. "The fact is that China is not governed by Chiang Kai-shek, but by the present government." He was convinced that "generally speaking," the Communists would subscribe to U.N. principles.

What about Franco's Spain, a reporter inquired: isn't that a fact, too? Attlee agreed that it was, but "would regret it personally" if Spain were admitted to the U.N. He doubted that Spain would "subscribe to the principles of the United Nations."

MOROCCO

Out Goes the Sultan

In the furnacelike heat of the North African summer, the Moslem holy day of Aid el Kebir rolled around. On that day the heads of Moslem families sacrifice a ram in memory of Abraham's sacrifice of a male sheep in place of his son Ishmael, ancestor of all Arabs. One ram, the most important of all, is ceremoniously knifed by the Sultan, who is regarded by the Arabs and Berbers of French Morocco as their spiritual and temporal sovereign. On Aid el Kebir last week, the knife was



EL GLAUI
Through Morocco by Cadillac.

wielded not by Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef (who had reigned since he succeeded his father in 1927), but by a new Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat. Ben Youssef had made the mistake of antagonizing the French, and was unceremoniously banished from the land.

The Popular Bandit. The roots of this event go back years, decades, even centuries. The coup would not have been possible without the Berbers, the fierce, proud indigenes of Africa's northwest corner who in the 8th century were engulfed (but not permanently subdued) by the Islamic invaders from Arabia. The Berbers adopted the Moslem religion, but their practices were eccentric—heterodox



BEN YOUSSEF
To Corsica in a DC-3.

in some ways (e.g., they eat wild boar's flesh), rigidly fundamentalist in others. Unlike the urban Arabs in Morocco, the rural Berbers have remained steadfastly pro-French.

The most powerful influence among the Berbers is that of Si el Hadj Thami el Mezouari el Glaoui, the aged, cunning and ruthless Pasha of Marrakech. Once a bandit in the southern Moroccan desert, El Glaoui began helping the French in 1912, the first year of the protectorate; he sheltered some French citizens from possible slaughter by rebels. The late great Marshal Lyautey was so pleased that he put the onetime bandit in charge of his Moroccan troops. Eventually El Glaoui became the local ruler of a large territory, and acquired a considerable fortune from mine dividends, taxes and miscellaneous "gifts."

Temporize & Hang On. Not so loyal to the French was Sultan Ben Youssef, though as the third son of the previous Sultan he had been hand-picked and tutored for the job by the French. As the Imam (Commander of the Faithful), he had immense authority and a good living: two wives, many concubines, vast estates, 60 automobiles and \$200,000 a year spending money. All he had to do was behave. Back in 1943, the French began to suspect that Ben Youssef was getting out of hand. During the Casablanca conference, the Sultan had a meal alone with Franklin D. Roosevelt, who (the French suspect) filled him full of anti-colonialism. He later ignored his aged advisers and heeded his son Moulay Hassan, who was mixed up in the *Istiglal* (Nationalist) independence movement.

All of this infuriated General Alphonse Juin, who was then the Resident General, the real ruler of French Morocco. Moroccan-born himself, Juin wholly sympathized with the attitude of the 350,000 French *colons*, who pointed out that Morocco would still be a feudal slum if it were not for French enterprise (which was true), and that the natives ought to be grateful (which was debatable). Juin called on the Sultan to disavow the nationalists, but he would not. Juin's determination that Ben Youssef must go came to be shared by Juin's good friend and successor, General Augustin Guillaume. But the bureaucrats in Paris hung back: their instructions were, in effect, to temporize, placate, hang on.

Bathing-Suit Horror. Such temporizing was not for El Glaoui, the ambitious Pasha of Marrakech. He began to stir up trouble. The Sultan's daughter had been photographed in a bathing suit—a horror to the Moslems. The old Pasha told the Berbers that Ben Youssef was too much of a modernist.

El Glaoui drove around Morocco in his Cadillac, getting signatures of the 353 kaid and pashas (rural and urban chiefs) on a petition to oust Sultan Ben Youssef. He got more than 300 to sign. Then he ordered his fanatic Berbers to march on Fez, Marrakech, Rabat and Casablanca. Violence was in the air. General Guil-



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laume was snatched back from a vacation in the Alps and hurried off to Morocco by jet Comet with instructions to slow down 77-year-old El Glaoui, if possible. If that were not possible, then Sultan Ben Youssef would have to be deposed.

After a five-hour conference with the Pasha, Guillaume ordered troops, tanks and artillery mounted on half-tracks to surround Ben Youssef's palace at Rabat. There was no formal abdication. But Ben Youssef and his two sons were hustled off to an airport, flown to Corsica in a DC-3. Another plane followed with five tons of luggage. Ben Youssef's two wives and daughters, and one favorite concubine. On the island where the Emperor Napoleon was born, Ben Youssef spent the first night of his exile at the governor's house in Ajaccio.

"Now I Can Die." The new Sultan, wizened, white-bearded Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafa, 64, is El Glaoui's hand-picked man. Until fate picked him up by the scruff of the neck, Arafa was a docile, wealthy Moslem aristocrat who spent most of his time sitting around Fez and drinking mint tea. He is distantly related to the deposed ruler, and he also belongs to the same tribe as El Glaoui.

Having so weak a Sultan suits the French fine: they intend to decentralize Moslem authority and thus continue to divide and rule. The people seemed to approve; the country was quiet. The French had forthrightly arrested a thousand *istiglal* followers to forestall trouble, but there was none. Old El Glaoui sighed dramatically: "Now I can die. Morocco is saved."

In the new Sultan's first meeting with his councilors this week, they stepped forward to pay their compliments. He startled them all by saying: "Please don't stand there barefoot. It's ridiculous. Put on your *bouches*, lift up your heads and don't call me majesty. That's a title only God deserves. We should get rid of all these demonstrations of idolatry."

THE PHILIPPINES

Romulo Withdraws

Dressed casually in slacks and tan printed sport shirt, Huk-fighting Ramon Magsaysay (TIME, Aug. 24) called last week on Rival Presidential Candidate Carlos P. Romulo, in Romulo's palatial home outside Manila. For half an hour they talked in a study jammed with autographed photographs, medals and other mementoes of Romulo's career among the celebrities of the world, as brigadier general, ambassador and U.N. Assembly president. Then they came out smiling, to announce Romulo's withdrawal from the race and the throwing of his support to Magsaysay in the November elections. Now there will be a clear-cut fight between Magsaysay and the man he once served as Defense Secretary, President Elpidio Quirino.

Romulo, though his campaign had not caught fire, was not abandoning his own four-month-old splinter political party: it

will be in a coalition with Magsaysay's *Nacionalistas*, and if the coalition wins, will share in the spoils (presumably Romulo would be reappointed Ambassador to the U.S.). Said Romulo: "They say a wise captain doesn't take his ship through a storm, but makes a detour. I am making a detour."

INDONESIA

Anti-Westerners

After 58 leaderless days, Indonesia had a new coalition government, its 14th in the brief eight years of its existence. The new Prime Minister was goateed Dr. Ali Sastroamidjojo, 50, who was recalled as Indonesian Ambassador to the U.S. to take the job. Sastroamidjojo had been running up & down the U.S., urging American businessmen to invest in his country.



PRIME MINISTER SASTROAMIDJOJO
"We will get along all right."

A look at his Cabinet would hardly reassure most U.S. businessmen.

Catholics, Democrats and Christians were out. So were the Socialists and the Masjumi (Moslem) Party, the nation's largest; both have been moderately sympathetic to the West. Solidly in were left-wing Nationalists and a few obscure parties of the left-wing bloc. Bull-necked Marxist Iwa Kusumasamantri, jailed in 1946 for his part in the Communist Tan Malaka rebellion, was named Minister of Defense. The new Justice Minister has attended Communist peace rallies: the new Foreign Secretary signed the Stockholm peace appeal. Pro-Communists held the Ministries of Finance and Education.

Sastroamidjojo was a little worried that the U.S. would get the wrong impression of his colleagues. "People who see a Red tinge simply aren't right," he pleaded. "As long as the Communists do not oppose us, we will get along all right." Retorted the out-of-office Socialist leader: "Perhaps

they have reason to hope Communists do not oppose them."

Though anti-Western forces have destroyed one Indonesia coalition after another, this is the first time they have held power for themselves. Warned one U.S. observer: "The Nationalists are under a naive impression that they are using the Communists. They will soon discover it is the other way round."

In the green and troubled land 50,000 Indonesian and Chinese Communists paraded one day last week crying: "Long live the Indonesian Communist Party!" Two days later 15,000 Moslems gathered to hear their leaders cry for a united front against "irreligious ideologies."

BRUNEI

The Welfare State

The tiny Sultanate of Brunei, adjoining Sarawak on the northwest coast of Borneo, was once a great, warlike nation. In the 16th century its navies spread terror through the Java and Malacca Seas. But Brunei, like many of its neighbors in Malaysia, fell upon hard times. Its fleets rotted away; fierce Sulu pirates came to take its strongest people captive and sell them in the slave markets. In the middle of the last century, Brunei was forced to seek protection from another island kingdom, Great Britain, whose fleets were in better shape. As recently as 25 years ago, once proud Brunei was an impoverished nation of backward tribesmen and headhunters whose annual income from foreign trade was a mere \$80,000.

The golden change that has come over Brunei since then can be summed up in one word: oil. Brunei's Seria oilfield (300 wells), from which some 100,000 barrels of petroleum bubble each day out of the jungle floor directly into holds of waiting tankers, is today the richest oilfield in the British Commonwealth. In 1950 it earned Brunei \$3,000,000. A year later the Sultanate's take jumped to almost \$25 million. The money piled up in the bank, for, try as they might, the Bruneians could think of no way to spend it fast enough.

Last week dapper, handsome young (36) Sultan Omar Ali Saifuddin, He Who Is Made Lord of all Brunei, announced a five-year plan to make Brunei Asia's first welfare state. Prepared to spend the equivalent of \$650 on each of his 50,000 subjects, the Sultan included in his program free medical services, the building of 30 new schools and new hospitals, an airport, a hotel, sanitation and power plants. There would be social security for widows, orphans, lepers, the blind and the aged. Promising youngsters would be sent abroad on scholarships.

The Sultan also promised free land for every family in Kampong Ayer, the sprawling village on the Brunei River, where 8,000 people live over the murky water in houses built on stilts. So far, none of the people have been walled away from their ramshackle wooden houses, linked by rickety footways. The benevolent Sultan refuses to despair.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

A Century of Iron

On a wintry March day in 1931, a resourceful prospector named Julian Cross was drilling through ice and water into the bed of northwestern Ontario's Steep Rock Lake. He was drilling by hand, working in temperatures that dipped as low as 60° below zero, convinced that there was iron ore somewhere in the lake bottom. In the late afternoon, Cross's drill broke. He stamped his half-frozen feet on the ice, swore heatedly and quit for the season. Thanks in part to that disheartening setback, Steep Rock Lake is today one of the world's richest sources of high-grade iron ore.

Prospector Cross later found that he had been drilling that day into a seam of worthless rock. Had he continued much longer and learned the truth, he would undoubtedly have joined the long line of prospectors before him who had looked for iron in Steep Rock Lake and had given it up as hopeless. As it was, Cross left Steep Rock in 1931 still convinced that iron was there. He clung to the idea for five years, until he gathered fresh capital and headed back to the lake with better equipment and a full crew of workmen. That time, drilling in new positions, he struck a bonanza.

Lake Drained. Vast changes have been made in the Steep Rock countryside since Cross's discovery. The Seine River, emptying into the lake, has been rerouted. The lake has been drained of 121 billion gallons of water. Dredges have removed 59.5 million cu. yds. of silt from the bot-

tom, laying bare great veins of chocolate-brown ore; high-grade hematite, so rich that it brings a premium of \$1 a ton over the market price (\$10.25) at Canadian and U.S. steel mills.

One mine, the Errington, has been operating in the Steep Rock basin for nearly nine years. Feeding only on surface ore scooped up with diesel shovels, it has already produced more than 8,000,000 tons. A second and bigger mine, the Hogarth, is now ready to produce. The first few truckloads of Hogarth ore were being stripped off the surface veins last week, and the mine is expected to be in steady operation next month. Two more mines, one of which will produce exclusively for Inland Steel Co., are being developed at other parts of the lake and will come into production by 1960.

Vein Probed. Steep Rock Iron Mines Ltd., largely financed by Canadian-born financier Cyrus Eaton, has already invested upwards of \$75 million in developing the site. Prospector Cross was rewarded for his discovery with a big block of Steep Rock shares (current price: \$6.75); he is now a director of the company. Steep Rock President Morson Searth Fotheringham confidently sets the property's eventual annual production at 10 million tons, worth \$100 million or more. Engineers have probed 1,400 ft. down into the rich veins discovered by Julian Cross and still have not reached bottom. They now estimate the veins' depth at 3,000 ft. and the ore content at more than one billion tons, enough to keep the rich Steep Rock mines producing full tilt for at least a century.

Annual Affair

Canada's first big Shakespeare festival, held at Stratford (Ont.), came to an end last week, a thunderous success. Casting up accounts after the final performance, the slightly dazed promoters found that their festival had drawn 53,600 Canadian and U.S. theatergoers to their little farm-area city of 19,000. In their most optimistic moments they had hoped for a 60% capacity attendance; the festival played to 97% of capacity for its entire run. Enthusiastic visitors poured \$190,000 through the box office and spent another \$1,000,000 in the town.

Credit went with the cash. No Canadian theatrical event had ever attracted such critical attention and acclaim. Drama critics flocked to the opening night (*TIME*, July 27) from most of the important U.S. and Canadian newspapers and magazines and went away churning praise for British Star Alec Guinness and Actress Irene Worth, the Canadian cast, and the direction of Tyrone Guthrie, from London's Old Vic. Wrote Author Nicholas (*The Cruel Sea*) Monsarrat, a guest critic for the Ottawa *Citizen*: "You can rate [it] with . . . the Passion Play at Oberammergau or with the yearly season of plays at Stratford on Avon." The New York *Times*'s Brooks Atkinson called the festival "a genuine contribution to Shakespeare."

Only a few weeks before its smash opening, the festival had looked like a spectacular flop. Before a single ticket had been sold, the committee was more than \$100,000 in debt for the experimental tent theater. Production costs soared to \$220,000. Promoter Tom Patterson, the Stratford magazine editor who first thought of the festival, had been able to collect only \$40,000 from local contributors.

Just when things looked blackest, Stratford's interest in its own festival finally caught on. Civic groups and private donors came through with \$155,000 in gifts. Tickets sold so fast after the plays began that the original five-week season had to be extended to six. As a result, there will be enough cash left over to set up a permanent organization to make the festival an annual affair in Canada's Stratford.

GUATEMALA

Machete Blow

Guatemala's Communist-line Government swung its machete again last week, slicing 174,000 acres from the United Fruit Co.'s Atlantic Coast banana plantation for division among peasants under the new land-reform law. Earlier this year, the Agrarian Department had hacked away all but 66,000 acres of United Fruit's 300,000-acre Pacific Coast plantation (*TIME*, March 9). For the Atlantic Coast land, which the company values at \$3,500,000, the government proposes to pay \$570,000 in 25-year bonds.



George Hunter

POWER SHOVEL LOADING ORE AT STEEP ROCK MINE
Thanks to luck and a broken drill.



EL SAPO (RIGHT) & BRIDE IN MEXICO CITY PRISON CEREMONY
Mellowed by love, and a homemade shiv.

MEXICO

Wedlock in the Cell Block

From the tiers of Cell Block D in Mexico's Federal District Penitentiary one morning last week, 250 of the country's toughest thugs and cutthroats gawked like sentimental sidewalk watchers at the ceremony in their prison courtyard. Pretty Maria de Jesús Torres Martínez, 28, had come there to be married to a frog-faced murderer named José Ortiz Muñoz, called *El Sapo* (The Bullfrog) by his fellow inmates. Demure in a green frock and red shoes, Maria de Jesús mooned over *El Sapo*, natty in a clean-striped uniform, as he listened with rapt attention to the district judge.

First Fight. Love had mellowed *El Sapo*, a man who could stand some mellowing. By his own count, he had killed more than 100 men in his 45 years. As a boy of nine in a northern village where his army-officer father was stationed, he began his life work by stabbing a schoolmate with the sharp point of a compass. Released from prison at 15, he joined the army, and was working in a road gang when an officer kicked him for not saluting. *El Sapo* killed the man with a dagger and was sentenced to be shot, but got a reduced sentence and was later pardoned. After that, he committed murder as casually as lesser malefactors pick pockets.

Twice during his career *El Sapo* was able to kill to his heart's content, quite legally. He was an army private during General Saturnino Cedillo's rebellion of 1918. "I killed Cedillistas on sight," he remembers with satisfaction. Later, when Sinarquistas (local Fascists) rioted in Leon, he had the pleasure of working the rioters over with a machine gun. "Blood ran that day!" he recalls proudly.

Through the years, *El Sapo's* friends

had predicted that some day he would go too far. In Mexico City, in 1946, he and Congressman José Torrero got into a pistol duel, with the usual result—*El Sapo* killed his adversary. An unsympathetic judge gave *El Sapo* 18 years in the Black Palace of Lecumberri, as the district pen is called. After a period of inactivity, he killed an annoying cell mate two years ago, did a stretch in solitary confinement.

When he emerged, public opinion in Cell Block D had hardened against him: last December a fellow prisoner sidled up and slit *El Sapo's* belly open with a homemade shiv. It was a near thing, and for weeks *El Sapo* lay in the prison hospital with nothing to do but think. Finally he sent for the warden and made a momentous announcement. "General, I want to go straight, I am not going to kill anyone any more." Cell Block D, on the whole, was glad to hear it.

First Sight. Soon after that, Maria de Jesús came into *El Sapo's* life. She was a housemaid, serving two years in the women's section for jewel theft, and had heard of *El Sapo's* fame from the other girls. It was love at first sight. After she was paroled she came back every visiting day, and *El Sapo* soon popped the question.

Their desire to get married threw Mexican bureaucracy into a mild flutter: there seemed to be no precedents for or against it. Finally the warden gave his consent, and the judge agreed to perform the ceremony. Ending it last week, he read the traditional civil marriage declaration. "Both should study the mutual correction of their defects so that their children will find them a good example and a model of behavior." Then Maria gave *El Sapo* a kiss that left his face smeared with lipstick, and they went off to enjoy the warden's wedding present—a two-day honeymoon in *El Sapo's* cell.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The Marquess of Milford Haven, second cousin of the late King George VI and best man at the 1947 wedding of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived back in England after an Italian holiday with Hungarian-born Cinematress **Eva Bartok** (real name: Eva Szoke). Meanwhile, in Manhattan, the marchioness (the former Romaine Dahlen Pierce ["Toodlie"] Simpson, a Boston-bred divorcee) took legal steps leading to a divorce or separation suit. London reporters asked the marquess for comment on his wife's action, but it was too "difficult" for him to explain. As for Actress Bartok, he had met her a year ago, and "we . . . have been friendly ever since. That's all there is to it." Eva piped up: "I would like to tell you a lot about our friendship. Since I met the marquess . . . we have been great friends."

Crusty old **Tom Connolly**, Texas' retired Democratic Senator, celebrated his 76th birthday by shaking his finger at the young scamps in the party: "The Democrats can overdo this business of bragging about their support of President Eisenhower. That sort of thing may be no help in the years to come."

From his modern hillside house outside Zurich, Switzerland, German-born author **Thomas (The Magic Mountain) Mann** talked about writing. "The German language is an organ," he said, "but if I could be born again I would choose English. It opens much greater possibilities. Apart from Goethe and the other classics, the German language is not popular. It is not indecent to be unpopular, but this is the fact." How did he rate authors like Faulk-

ner and Hemingway with the big names of earlier generations? "There is a colossal difference in size. Think of the forest of great authors we had in the last century . . . Measured by such standards, the authors of today become primitive miniatures." His opinion of present-day literature? "I do not read many modern books. It is a too risky investment in time."

Captain **Kurt Carlsen**, a 1952 hero for sticking to the last on the sinking *Flying Enterprise II*, bobbed up in the news again. His new *Flying Enterprise* smacked its 8,000 tons into the 7,000-ton British freighter *Canara* while tugs were nudging her toward a berth in Bombay Harbor, India. Damage to the *Canara* was



Associated Press
EVA BARTOK & FRIEND
Difficulties from Toodie

"extensive," but the *Enterprise* came off with a mere five-foot gash above the water line. "I feel heartbroken," moaned Carlsen. "If there's one man in the world who does not want anything to happen to the *Flying Enterprise*, it's me."

Retired General **James A. Van Fleet** was back on an old battleground with a new mission. Arriving in Seoul as part of an eleven-man welfare team of the American-Korean Foundation, he said, "I am happy to be here and deeply touched to be back with people I love so much."

New York's photogenic Mayor **Vincent ("Impy") Impellitteri** celebrated his 37th wedding anniversary by posing behind a double-deck cake with his wife Betty, and hussing her in a manner that would do him



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
MAYOR IMPELLITTERI & WIFE
Something for the women.

no harm in the city's forthcoming free-for-all majority contest. That done, he and Betty, herself no slouch at politics, went off to the next event, opening up a "Women for Impy" headquarters.

Spanish Concert Guitarist **Andrés Segovia**, last reported in a Madrid hospital for a detached-retina operation (TIME, Aug. 3), was up and about with exciting news: "My operation was completely successful, thank God, thanks to the skill of the doctors and thanks to my 'good-natured nature.'"

It was almost more than an ambitious impresario could resist, but **Rudolf Bing**, Austrian-born boss of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, loyally resisted. In Salzburg, Austria, he confirmed reports that he had been asked to take over Berlin's Staatliche Oper. "The offer was very tempting," he said, "because the Berlin Opera has a subsidy of more than \$1,000,000 yearly, which makes the work there much easier than under the sad situation at the Metropolitan, where, from year to year, we must live from donations."

Former Atomic Energy Commission Chairman **Gordon Dean**, 47, married 23 years and father of a daughter, 20, and a son, 14, finished up six weeks' residence in Las Vegas, Nev. by filing a suit for divorce (charge: mental cruelty) against his wife Adelaide. He is expected to win the divorce by default in mid-September.

After **Jack Dempsey**, onetime world's heavyweight champion, announced the big news, photographers in Santa Monica, Calif., snapped his 19-year-old daughter Joan (by his third marriage to ex-Show Girl Hannah Williams), with her fiancé, Dennis O'Flaherty, 21, a Loyola University student. They will be married this week, said Dempsey, in a ceremony (just "a few friends") in Los Angeles.



Associated Press
JOAN DEMPSEY & FIANCE
Big news from the champ.

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MUSIC

The Royal Danes

Once ballet was akin to fairy tales, a simple affair of story and emotion, told through gesture, mimicry and music. By the 18th century it had become stylized, replacing most of the dumb show with elegant attitudes and virtuosos movement. In this form it was nourished and preserved by the Russians. But there is one major company which still clings to the older, simpler style: the Royal Danish Ballet. Last week the Royal Danes, making one of their rare visits outside Scandinavia, were at London's Covent Garden.

To the knowing audience, the company seemed to have come out of bygone times, when there was still dancing on the village green. Blond ballerinas danced freely, often just on their toes, rather than always formally on pointes. The performances depended almost as much on mimicry as on footwork. There was none of the tense, hushed atmosphere of the Russian ballet, with its emphasis on the technically difficult solo and *pas de deux*.

The Danish ballet, artistically isolationist, has stayed close to home for most of its proud, 202-year history. The opening-night program in London was chosen to underline the company's age and traditions. It began with a gay trifle called *The Whims of Cupid and the Ballet Master*, and moved on through an unabashedly romantic *La Sylphide* (1832), in which a forest witch vamps a young Scot (to unfamiliar music by Hermann Lovenskjold). The piece offered a show-stopping Scottish dance and was full of good-humored stage tricks (a sylph vanishes, later is seen flying up into the rafters). The modern

ballet (1942) was *Qarrtsiluni*, by Knudage Riisager, a tom-tom-thumping, gyrating Eskimo rite.

Among the standout performers: Character Dancer Gerda Karstens, as a dour old Quaker lady whose stiff movements and deadpan face seemed to disapprove of what her feet were doing; lithe, pretty Ballerina Inge Sand, who danced Delibes' *Coppelia* on the second night; Erik Bruhn, who bounded through the *Nutcracker*; and Frank Schaufuss and Mona Vangsaa, who gave a touching performance of ill-fated young love in *Romeo and Juliet*. Londoners, used to the heady perfection of Sadler's Wells, loved the more natural Danes, brought them back again & again to bow to the applause—a thrill they seldom get at home in Denmark, where tradition strictly limits curtain calls.

Straw-Hat Orpheus

High on a New Jersey hilltop, overlooking colonial steeples and the Delaware River, music fills the clear air six nights a week. It rises from a huge, floodlit, green and yellow tent, home of Lambertville's Music Circus. Under the big top (where there is room for 1,500) the attractions are Broadway shows (with good second-string casts) such as *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *Call Me Madam*, and such vintage operettas as *Sweethearts*, *New Moon* and *Die Fledermaus*. Last week, the Music Circus put on view a frothy revival of *Orpheus in the Underworld*, by Jacques Offenbach. The new title: *To Hell with Orpheus*.

Excursion to Hades. Offenbach was a kind of 19th century, Parisian Cole Porter, only better. A superb musical satir-



ST. JOHN TERRELL
Down upon the River Styx.

ist, he could also turn out sentimental waltzes and respectable grand opera, but his specialty was cancan, with its piston-like rhythm and irrepressible gaiety. *Orpheus* contains some of his best satire and his best cancan tunes. The libretto used at Lambertville (by the late Ring Lardner, with additional lyrics by Edward Eager) tries to modernize the original. The result is stained Varsity-Show humor, but still fun.

The show opens in a stiff-backed summer camp at Brunswick, Me. (in the original, the scene was Thebes), where a young matron named Eurydice Orpheus is shamelessly cuckolding her husband, a struggling violinist. Her lover: one John Stick, a dull poet. Enter Pluto, in the guise of a soft-drink peddler, who offers the lovers a permanent visit to Hades. Sample of his spiel:

*If you would like a long vacation
Your reservation I'll quickly fix—
You'll simply love my old plantation
Way down upon the River Styx!*

The scene switches to Mount Olympus, where Jupiter is having trouble with his wife Juno. She berates him for his old trick of assuming the shape of a shepherd, a bull or a swan for purposes of dalliance ("Though the girls are squeezable," leers Cupid, "with a swan it isn't feasible"). Jupiter (well sung and acted by Baritone Ralph Herbert) takes Juno and the other gods on a junket to Hades, where they bump into Eurydice; after a few random shots from Cupid's bow, everything ends in a happy shambles. The "go-to-hell" joke is worked pretty hard in the dialogue, but that is offset by Offenbach's tunes. At least two of them, *An Old Love Dies* and *Brunswick Maine*, could be hits in any century.

Fire-Eater. The man responsible for this *Orpheus*, as well as for the circus itself, is St. John Terrell, 36, a Chicago-



VANGSAA & SCHAUFUSS AS ROMEO & JULIET
Back to dancing on the village green.



Setting new jet records for speed and stamina

One after another, Strategic Air Command bomber wings are being equipped with the record-setting Boeing B-47 Stratojet. This fighter-fast, six-jet bomber is already standard equipment at several SAC bases.

The Stratojet's revolutionary design and construction endow it with performance entirely new to aircraft of its dimensions.

A B-47, for example, broke all distance and endurance records for jet aircraft when it completed a 12,000-mile nonstop flight. Refueled in the air three times from a Boeing tanker plane, this Stratojet remained in the air for

24 hours, simulating a strategic mission by dropping a dummy 5-ton bomb at the halfway point.

Another B-47 flew the equivalent of nearly 17 times around the world during an accelerated 1,000-hour service test. Approximately half the missions were flown at night. During one flight, the Stratojet, aided by high-level winds, sustained ground speeds as high as 794 miles an hour, and flew from Chicago to New York in 65 minutes.

This summer, 45 Stratojets of the 306th Medium Bomb Wing made the first nonstop mass jet bomber crossing of the Atlantic. They took off at inter-

vals from Limestone Air Force Base, Maine, landing less than six hours later in England. More recently, a B-47 made the same crossing in 4 hours, 45 minutes, averaging 617 miles an hour.

These records give some measure of the performance potential that's built into the Boeing B-47. It's the result of imaginative engineering, forward-looking research, and expert construction. The B-47, and the larger eight-jet B-52 Stratofortress, are "writing the book" of performance standards for multi-jet aircraft. They are another demonstration of the integrity of Boeing research, design, engineering and production.

Boeing is now building a prototype jet transport, designed to be adaptable for either military or commercial use. The new plane has the benefit of Boeing's unparalleled experience in multi-jet aircraft. It will fly in 1954.

BOEING

You Can Feel It In The Air

The season is here. The great trek back to the campus is about to begin. Though some knowledge may yet have escaped our collegians, they have a high I.Q. about sensibly suiting their clothes to their activities. And when the time comes to look well dressed, none can outdo them.

That's obvious from the appearance of our young friend here. He knows that every man at college needs at least one dress-up suit with him. That's why he has chosen a Racquet Club suit by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX. It has everything but a built-in sprig of ivy. The shoulders are very lightly padded with a natural slope. Lapels are narrow and roll to mid-way between the top and center button. The body is straight both back and front.



To wisecracks about the collegians
... a neat and dignified answer

It is cut with center vent and flap pockets. The tailoring by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX speaks for itself. Our young friend here has chosen conservative but ever-popular Oxford Gray—which might lead you to guess that he is majoring in Finance at the School of Business.

If you're off for the halls of learning yourself—or are sponsoring a scholarly son and heir—it is good to know that the Racquet Club suit is now available in a range of youthful fabrics and colors. Ask to see them at your HART SCHAFFNER & MARX dealer store. You will *not* have to be a Finance Major to purchase one.

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MAX LORENZ AS JOSEPH K. (LEFT) & JUDGES
The verdict: not proved.

born showman who pronounces his given name "Sinjun," in the English fashion—not because he is English but, as he explains, because he started off his entertainment career as a fire-eater. After kicking around show business from the age of 16 (carnivals, U.S.O., Broadway and summer theater), he decided five years ago to set up a musical tent show. He picked Lambertville (pop. 4,477) because it was far enough from Broadway to avoid competition and near enough to Bucks County, Pa.'s "genius belt" to have an interested audience. Almost from the start, the tent has drawn big crowds all summer long. Last year's attendance: 160,000; this year's estimate: 175,000.

A man with many irons in the fire, Terrell owns a patent on his tent (it has only two poles), has a scheme for adding smell to the sight & sound of movies and TV, and an interest in three other music circuses around the country. His plans for *Orpheus* are ambitious: he hopes to open it on Broadway this winter. One of the hazards: another version of the same operetta planned for this season by Showman Billy Rose (see THEATER), who was never a fire-eater but can be counted on to produce a pretty hot Hades, too.

Salzburg's Trial

At the Salzburg Festival, famed mainly for its glittering performances of Mozart and Richard Strauss, the season's big news was the world premiere last week of a modern, gloomy opera, *The Trial*. The music was by Gottfried von Einem, who, at 31, is regarded as Austria's outstanding postwar composer. The libretto was taken from Franz Kafka's novel.

Everything pointed to success. Kafka's nightmarish book, first published in 1925, is enjoying a vogue among intellectuals; it tells about a kind of tragic Sad Sack—an ordinary man named Joseph K. who is arrested, tried by a mysterious court

for an unspecified crime, chivied by a cold, incomprehensible bureaucracy until he is finally led away by two black-clad agents and stabbed to death. This macabre theme of man tortured by forces he does not understand was successfully used by Alban Berg in *Wozzeck* and by Gian-Carlo Menotti in his more popular *Consul*. Salzburg first-nighters, remembering Von Einem's earlier, impressive opera, *Danton's Death* (TIME, Aug. 18, 1947), came with high hopes. But by the final curtain, they found themselves less than spell-bound, responded with lukewarm applause.

Critics lauded the first-rate production, including the staging, the orchestra (under the Vienna State Opera's Karl Boehm) and the highly imaginative sets (by German Designer Caspar Neher), which evoked a kind of Orwellian gloom amid Salzburg's sunny, baroque opulence. But critics reluctantly admitted that Von Einem's score itself was something of a disappointment.

Although its overall effect was suitably uncanny, at times it sounded like a good movie sound track rather than full-blooded, dramatic music. Episodic treatment (like the book, the opera is divided into nine separate scenes) broke the mood with each intermission. Moreover, critics noted, the Von Einem score was derivative—now a dash of Puccini, now Tchaikovsky, now Stravinsky. The opera's best feature: three scenes in which Joseph K. (superbly characterized by German Tenor Max Lorenz) is involved with different women, all beautifully sung by Switzerland's Soprano Lisa Della Casa (who will appear at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera this season). These scenes are effectively composed in a perfumed, formal style.

The Trial will have another day in the critics' court: performances are scheduled for Berlin's Staatliche Oper and Manhattan's City Center this fall.

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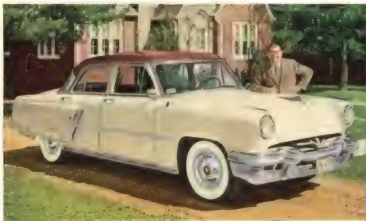
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RELIGION

Words & Works

¶ The National Council of Churches announced some glowing statistics from its forthcoming 1953 *Yearbook of American Churches*. U.S. church membership has reached an alltime high of 92,277,129, a gain of 4.1% over last year, and 23 times the nation's population gains. Protestants gained 3.9%. Roman Catholics 3.5%. Protestants now represent 34.7% of the population, Catholics 19.3%.

¶ Nineteen-year-old Quintuplet Marie Dionne, for whom half the world prayed when her life flickered for days after her birth, announced that she would become a nun. She will enter the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament in Quebec City this fall, a cloistered order devoted to perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament. "From now on," she said, "I will have an opportunity to repay those people who remembered me when I was in need."

¶ On the leafy campus of Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., some 800 delegates of the American Unitarian Association and the Universalist Church of America (combined membership: 152,395) voted for federal union of the two sects. The delegates also chose a name for the council which will govern the new federation: Council of Liberal Churches (Unitarian-Universalist-Unitarian).

C-Day at the Pyramid

What happened to the lost Ten Tribes of Israel? In the reign of Solomon's son Rehoboam, the nation of Israel divided; ten tribes broke away under the leadership of Jeroboam,* and two (Judah and Benjamin) remained to provide the subsequent history of the Jews. But the fate of the Ten Tribes is one of the persistent mysteries of history and a tempting lure for eager souls always waiting to rush into any vacuum of knowledge, armed with a ready-made theory and infinite capacity for inductive reasoning. In the past 100-odd years, a cult called British Israel, which estimates its membership in "hundreds of thousands," most of them in Britain, the U.S. and the Commonwealth, has developed a rather startling theory about the missing tribes.

Jacob's Stone of Scone. The lost tribes, say they, were captured and exiled by Sargon, King of Assyria, about 721 B.C. Assyrian records tell of a race called the "Khumi." These, according to the theory, were the Ten Tribes, who became the Greeks' Cimmerioi and the Romans' Cimbrici, gave their name to such places as the Crimea, Cumberland and Cambria.

* And it came to pass at that time when Jeroboam went out of Jerusalem, that the prophet Ahijah the Shilonite found him in the way

... And Ahijah caught the new garment that was on him, and rent it in twelve pieces: And he said to Jeroboam, Take thee ten pieces: for thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee. *1 Kings 11: 29-31.*

and were also the Cymry (pronounced Kum-ree), who originally settled in Wales. Other branches are supposed to have become the Scythians, or Scuthae, who populated Scotland, and the Sacae, or Saxons (i.e., Isaac's sons).

Some members of the tribe of Dan (the seafarers of Israel) supposedly reached Ireland, where a certain Princess Tephi married one of their chieftains and founded the present royal family of Britain—making Queen Elizabeth II a lineal descendant of David. This Irish Israelite line is also thought to have preserved the stone Jacob used as a pillow. The stone, so goes the legend, was saved from the Jerusalem temple when it was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and taken to Ireland, thence to Scotland. Now it is the Stone of

portentous date of all—the date upon which the pyramid's main passage runs smack into a blank wall. On that date, the British Israelites predicted, would come "the final collapse of aggressive military systems" and the beginning of the "cleansing of the earth and humanity as God's sanctuary." C (for cleansing) Day: Aug. 20, 1953.

Last week the world reached the pyramid's blank wall without thunderclaps or writings in the sky. But the British Israelites were unshaken. It was suggested that the great change might have happened imperceptibly, might not become apparent for years. In London, the U.S.-born secretary of the British Israel World Federation, owlish, amiable Harold Stough (rhymes with how), offered, in addition to the pyramid prophecies, more far-reaching proofs from the Bible. Says Stough: "God made covenants with Abra-



JEROBOAM AND AHIJAH
Is a Berit-ish the peri of the bar of Solomon?

Scone in Westminster Abbey, upon which all British monarchs are crowned.

British Israelites are partial to an unorthodox philological theory that holds the English language to be derived from Hebrew. Thus *bar* (son) reappears in the British "bairn"; *peri* (fruit) in "berry"; *katon* (little) in "kitten." The word "British" is simply a rendering of *Berit-ish* (covenant man).

No Thunderclaps. Another "proof" of the British Israelites' theory has been drawn from the Great Pyramid of Cheops. For centuries busy minds have marked off the passages inside the pyramid in a scale corresponding roughly to the calendar (about one inch representing a year). Certain markings, turns and corners along the passages have been found to correspond with historical events, and were thus used for prophecies. World War I, the Depression and World War II have been recognized on this scale and passed; dead ahead has loomed the most

ham that 'I will make of thee a great nation . . . In these shall all the families of the earth be blessed.' The inheritors of these covenants today, thinks Stough, are not the Jews; "we believe Britain and America represent Israel in the modern world." They will bring "faith and the principles of righteousness to the world in preparation for the return of Christ."

A Closer Walk with God

Gentle summer breezes played along the shoreline of Green Lake, Wis., across the rolling carpet of the 18-hole golf course, the tennis courts, the spacious yacht basin. But not the click of a driver was heard, or a splash from the water. Sitting on folding chairs under the oak trees were 800-odd men, women and children celebrating with hymns, prayers and well-chosen words the tenth anniversary of a summer gathering place for American (Northern) Baptists.

Sitting near the 45-voice choir, staring

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modestly down at the grass when speakers praised him, was Dr. Luther Wesley Smith, 50, executive secretary of the American Baptist Assembly. Dr. Smith had many occasions to avert his eyes, for in last week's celebration the Baptists at Green Lake were honoring him, too.

In 1941, when Massachusetts-born Dr. Smith was chief of education (63 schools, colleges and seminaries) and publications for the American Baptists, he found Sunday-school enrollments sadly sagging. He discovered that the three denominations staging the strongest Sunday-school comeback (Southern Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist) all had summer assemblies at which youth leaders and ministers could meet. Deciding that his own denomination should have one as well, he spent two years scouring Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana for the proper setting. What he found was the 1,100-acre estate



Archie Lieberman

BAPTIST LUTHER WESLEY SMITH
To escape the clang of the cities.

of Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the Chicago *Daily News*, converted after Lawson's death into a country club that went out of business in the Depression. The Baptists took it over for a trifling \$300,000 (current evaluation: about \$11,000,000) and converted it into one of the most luxurious church centers in the U.S.; an 81-room hotel was already standing, the "largest barn in Wisconsin" became an 800-seat auditorium, an old hog barn became a 22-bedroom residence and dormitory. The result was a kind of sponge of the nature-loving, creature-comfortable Christianity for which the U.S. is noted.

"Beauty, godliness and away-from-the-city fellowship," according to Smith, lead Green Lakers to "a closer walk with God" (in the words of their favorite hymn). Says Smith: "Business calls its conferences in places where it can press the total impact of its message. Why not religion? Here one can look at life whole and steadily under the impact of God's beauty."



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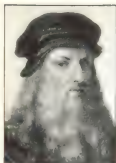
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PITT



VERDI

After an ascent to Himalayan peaks, the mountains changed to molehills.

Life Doesn't Begin at 40

The belief is widespread that while boxers and big-league ballplayers are old at 40, that is just the age when giants in the arts and sciences begin to hit their stride. Not so, says Ohio University's Professor Harvey C. Lehman in *Age and Achievement* (Princeton University; \$7.50). In nearly every field of creative activity, claims Psychologist Lehman, the greatest men register their greatest achievements* by the time they are 40.

Science. In chemistry, Dr. Lehman finds, the most creative thinkers did their best work in the age range from 26 to 30; in mathematics, physics, electronics, botany and practical inventions, from 30 to 34. What about Thomas Alva Edison, who was still making highly practical inventions in his 50s? No exception, says Dr. Lehman. A breakdown of the number of patents Edison took out year by year shows a Himalayan peak of activity in his 30s and only molehills later.

The greatest achievements of Kepler and Darwin, Ohm and Marie Curie fall within or near Dr. Lehman's age ranges. But Galileo was a partial exception; he seems to have done as well at 17 and 73 as in his 30s.

The Arts. Composers, according to Dr. Lehman, write their best symphonies and songs between 30 and 34 (this would cover few of Schubert's songs, since he died at 31; it includes Beethoven's *Eroica*, but not his *Ninth*). Chamber music and grand opera written between 35 and 39 have achieved the greatest fame. Wagner wrote *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* in his 30s, and by 40 was working on *The Ring*. Verdi was a clear exception. He churned out 25 operas by the time he was 58, then went into semi-retirement. Meanwhile, Wagner's fame soared. At 74 Verdi began again, and in six years wrote *Falstaff* and *Otello*, considered by many his masterpieces.

Poetry clearly needs the inspiration of youth. The best odes, by Dr. Lehman's

* To determine which are the "greatest" achievements, Lehman consulted specialists in each field, checked and coordinated their lists (e.g., Olin Downes's *Symphonic Masterpieces*, H. R. Lemon's *From Galileo to Cosmic Rays*) of what they considered the outstanding contributions. Because a man still living may yet produce his masterpiece, this study of scientists and artists covers mainly dead "greats."

MEDICINE

reckoning, are written between 24 and 28, pastoral and narrative poems and elegies from 25 to 29, sonnets and lyric poems a year or two later. Notwithstanding Bernard Shaw, who started to write plays around 40, most dramatists do their best in their 30s: comedies from 32 to 36 (e.g., Shakespeare's *As You Like It*), tragedies from 34 to 38 (*Hamlet* and Racine's *Iphigénie*). Novelists are most likely to hit the jackpot between 40 and 44.

Painters of the past did their masterpieces in oil from 32 to 36. Raphael did the *Sistine Madonna* at 35 and died at 37. Yet Da Vinci worked on *The Last Supper* in his 40s. And the durable Michelangelo, who lived to be 80, is best remembered for *The Last Judgment*, done at 59-66.

Philosophy & Statecraft. The traditional picture of the philosopher as a bearded older man is all wrong, too, says Dr. Lehman. The most notable contributions to ethics, logic, economics, political science and esthetics have been made by men in their 30s (metaphysicians run five years older). Spinoza began his major work when he was 23 and finished it by 43; Schopenhauer published his masterpiece (*The World as Will and Idea*) at 31. But a few of the best-known philosophers were laggards: Kant spent the years from 46 to 57 on *The Critique of Pure Reason*.

Statesmanship does not fit the rules. Political leaders (most of them, according to Psychologist Lehman, not original creative thinkers or artists) are usually not at their best till they are over 50. Moreover, today's statesmen are older, on the average, than in previous epochs. William Pitt the Younger became Prime Minister at 25 in 1784. Sir Winston Churchill not until he was 66.

Dr. Lehman does not try to analyze businessmen's achievements. He merely notes that they make most money in their 60s.

Why creative talent seems to decline after 40, Dr. Lehman does not know. No doubt, he says, there are many contributing causes—a decline in physical vigor; impairment of hearing, vision, and muscular coordination; more concern with practical problems of making a living, instead of reaching for the stars. Dr. Lehman, at any rate, is an exception to his rule. He rates *Age and Achievement* as his own greatest achievement, and he is 64.

Pavlov Rides Again

At a mental-health congress in Vienna last week, before psychiatrists from 41 nations, Professor Nikolai Oserezhki laid down the Soviet line: the brain operation known as lobotomy "is an anti-physiological method that violates the principles of humanity."

Russian psychiatrists have long frowned on lobotomy, a drastic operation developed in Portugal and the U.S. but by no means approved by all Western specialists (*Time*, June 22). For a generation, Russia's doctors have been conditioned to follow, sheeplike, the late Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, of conditioned-reflex fame. Following his patterns, they believe that if any part of the physical brain is damaged or destroyed, the mind is damaged beyond repair. Lobotomy, argued Oserezhki, damages the high brain centers and turns a human being into a vegetable. He quoted a Soviet colleague as saying that it "makes idiots out of madmen." He also put it in ideological terms: "By performing a lobotomy, the surgeon is guilty of propagating a therapeutic nihilism . . ."

Capsules

¶ Two Richmond, Va. doctors warned in the A.M.A. *Journal* that in addition to its other hazards, Antabuse (the drug to combat alcoholism, now officially renamed disulfiram) should not be given to alcoholics with heart trouble. Taken with a little alcohol, as it must be to bring on the reaction which makes patients swear off liquor, the drug puts a strain on any heart.

¶ From the military campaigns of the Caesars, John Gardner, a Navy veteran studying pharmacy at the University of California, concluded that there may be germ-killing substances in ordinary red wine. Roman legionaries, who carried wine with them during invasions, had fewer casualties from intestinal infections than modern armies. Gardner has isolated a mild germ killer from wine, now hopes to concentrate it for practical use.

¶ To test doctors' appetites for free samples, George A. Kellogg, a New Jersey pharmaceutical researcher, sent out 1,000 postcards announcing new "cures" for four obviously phony diseases, "gastroptosis," "Hemingway's Syndrome," "Hygloxycocephelia" and "Gallardia." No fewer than 80 cards were returned with requests for samples.



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EDUCATION

When the Barriers Fall

Governor Herman Talmadge's press conference last week was merely routine—until some one asked the big question: What will Georgia do if the U.S. Supreme Court outlaws segregation in the schools? At that, the governor began to fume. Georgia, said he, might well turn "the public schools over to a private system. It is the only thing we can do . . . If we don't do this, I have not got enough national guardsmen and the Federal Government enough troops to prevent strife. Blood will flow in rivers."

Governor Talmadge is not the only Southerner to hold such views. There are now five cases before the Supreme Court on which the court may finally decide whether separate but equal schools for Negroes are constitutional. If the court says they are not, thus ending segregation, the South will face one of the greatest social readjustments since Reconstruction. But last week, in communities and on campuses all over the U.S., there was ample evidence to prove one thing: wherever segregation has been abolished, no blood has flowed.

The change got its first major boost in 1938, when Negro Lloyd Gaines, backed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, won a Supreme Court decision forcing the University of Missouri to admit him to its law school on the ground that he could not find equal facilities anywhere else in the state. Since then, Negroes have found themselves on scores of once forbidden campuses. In almost every case, their experiences have fallen into a sort of pattern. There have been dire predictions of trouble and periods of tension. But the trouble has rarely materialized, and the tension has soon melted away.

¶ George Washington Jr. of Dallas was among the first group of Negroes to enter the University of Texas law school as a



OKLAHOMA'S McLAURIN
An indignity redressed.

result of the Sweatt Case? At first, says Washington, the atmosphere was "icy and uncomfortable," and one night a K.K.K.-type cross was set ablaze in front of the law building. But next morning, as he walked to class, groups of white students stopped him and apologized for the Klanssters. After that, Washington had only one unpleasant experience—the time when a fellow student used the word nigger in class. Washington felt that the student had acted only out of habit, but, says he, "there were a few liberals in the room who I knew would resent it if I showed no offense. So I turned around and looked at the fellow with as stern a look as I could muster." Washington never heard "that word" again.

¶ When ex-Schoolteacher George McLaurin entered the University of Oklahoma law school, he was subjected to a number of indignities. He was forced to sit alone outside his classrooms; there was a special place for him in the library, a special table in the cafeteria, a special toilet he was supposed to use. But since then, other Negroes have gone to Oklahoma, and all such clumsy attempts at segregation have gradually disappeared. Says O.U.'s Vice President Roscoe Cate: "[This] success has depended largely on the student body."

¶ At the University of North Carolina, in 1951, John Kenneth Lee and four other Negroes entered the university expecting the worst. "When we went into the dining hall for the first time," says Lee, "you could have heard a pin drop. But nothing happened, and after a few days, nobody noticed us." White students made a point

of sitting next to Lee, backed up his protest against the university's special "Reserved for Negroes" section in the stadium, raised no objection when the Negroes ignored the segregated toilets in the law building, says Lee: "We never did have a bit of trouble with the students."

¶ When the Harvard football team arrived six years ago at the University of Virginia with a Negro tackle, cries of pain could be heard all over town. Today Virginia makes no such fuss; it has grown accustomed to unsegregated student meetings, even allows Negro nurses to serve on the university hospital staff.

¶ At Indiana University, student-union barbers no longer refuse to cut Negroes' hair, and the old segregated dormitory reserved for Negro coeds ("They had the nerve to call it Lincoln House," says one) has disappeared.

¶ At New Mexico A & M, Eddie Richardson last year became the first Negro editor in chief of the yearbook, and at Del Mar College (Texas), students elected their first Negro to the student council. At the University of Kentucky, the "Reserved for Negroes" sign that Lyman T. Johnson and 28 other students faced in 1949 has long since been removed. Last year U.K.'s legal fraternity, Phi Delta Phi, took in its first Negro member.

¶ When the N.A.A.C.P. went into action in Cairo, in southern Illinois, in the winter of '52 to fight segregation in the schools, some citizens decided to take the law into their own hands. One band of whites lit a cross on the levee, another fired a shotgun at the house of a Negro dentist, and still another tossed a dynamite bomb into a Negro physician's backyard. But, in spite of such hooliganism, Negro children began enrolling in the white schools. In the last year there have been a few fist fights, but gradually, Cairo is learning to take some kinds of desegregation in its stride. For the first time, Negroes have even begun to appear at meetings of the P.T.A.

¶ In East St. Louis, scene of the race riot of 1917, the police were out in force on the day that Negro children entered the



Missouri's GAINES
A pattern begun.



Texas' SWEATT
A habit revised.

† Heman Sweatt, a Negro mail carrier, was turned down in 1940 when he asked admission to the University of Texas law school. A 1950 Supreme Court decision ordered him admitted.



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CIGARETTES

white schools: several principals had received anonymous letters from white adults threatening to burn down the buildings. But, says Chief George Dowling, "there were no demonstrations. Before some of the hotheads knew it, the whole thing was over, and everybody just settled down to live quietly." White and Negro children now share everything from lockers to cafeterias. Once, when some white high school seniors learned that they could not take their Negro classmates on a Jim Crow excursion boat, the whole class kicked up such a fuss that the boat's skipper had to relent.

¶ In Tucson, Ariz., Superintendent Robert Morrow spent "some sleepless nights" before complete desegregation went into effect in 1951. But in spite of all the hue & cry, only five white pupils in the entire city changed schools in protest.

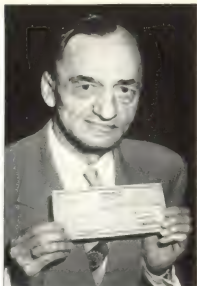
¶ In Edwardsville, Ill., there was some tension between the whites and Negroes in the newly de-segregated high school. But then, says County Superintendent George Wilkins, "a very fortunate thing happened. In the first football game of the year, the coach put in the only Negro player on the squad, and on the first play in which he carried the ball, he ran the length of the field for a touchdown. We haven't had the slightest difficulty among the boys since. Now I wonder what the sociologists would make out of that."

The Disease

Herbert J. Idle is a wiry, nervous man whose name is anything but apt. In the daytime he is a \$410-a-month hydraulic engineer with Chicago's Water Distribution Division. But at night he turns into quite another person. He likes to read dictionaries, goes into ecstasies over the fact that *eyen* was once the plural of *eye* and that *wtihy* was once a halter. He also composes music, reads through each issue of the *National Geographic* at least "half a dozen times before it goes into my files." But most of all, Herbert Idle likes to solve puzzles. "It is," says he, "a sort of disease with me."

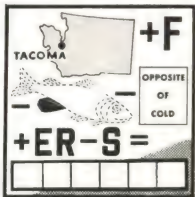
Over the years, Idle has entered scores of contests. In 1937 he tried for the Old Gold contest, got only a carton of cigarettes for his pains. Later he won a pair of skis, and, finally, in 1951, he won \$2,000 in Chicago's street-naming contest sponsored by the *Sun-Times*. But by that time he had already answered an ad, placed in a Chicago paper by Manhattan's Unicorn Press, distributors of the *New Funk & Wagnalls Encyclopedia*. Said the ad: "YOU CAN WIN \$102,500!!!"

Herbert Idle got his first puzzles in 1950—a set of questions and rebuses that seemed like duck soup. It took him almost no time at all to answer the questions (e.g., "John Alden, one of our Pilgrim Fathers, courted: 1) Jane Addams, 2) Betsy Ross, 3) Barbara Frietchie, 4) Pocahontas, 5) Priscilla Mullins"). Nor did he have much trouble solving the rebuses. Idle worked with care, and as the months went by and more & more rebuses came, his living room began to overflow with dictionaries, reference books and the en-



PRIZEWINNER IDLE
Not he.

cyclopedia, which he had to buy volume by volume. Eventually Idle was informed that if he wanted to invest in the encyclopedia's yearbooks, he would be eligible for more money. Plagued by his old disease, Herbert Idle persevered—until he had finally mailed the last batch of rebuses back to the Unicorn Press. Sample rebus (answer is the last name of a German composer):



Last week Herbert Idle, 45, was summoned to Manhattan, told only that he was one of the first three top winners. Finally, on the big day, at a special ceremony on the Sub-Treasury steps, former Vice President Alben Barkley announced the grand prize. Knees shaking, Herbert Idle stumbled up to the Veep, accepted a check for \$307,500—the largest cash prize ever given in a contest. Would he now throw away his dictionaries and go off on a big, glorious toot with the estimated \$72,245 he would have after taxes? No such thing, said Herbert Idle, father of four, grandfather of six. "That wouldn't be intelligent. I showed a certain amount of common sense in this contest, and that would be out of character."



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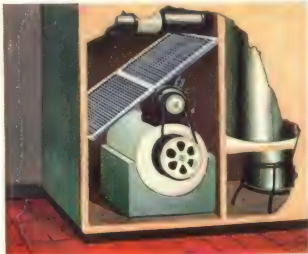
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Composite color-photo, showing type of acoustical ceiling used in Naval Ordnance Plant, Pomona, Calif., operated by Pomona Division of Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. to build guided missiles.

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REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

SPORT

Eddie Concedes

In race after race, Jockey Eddie Arcaro had seen the big grey colt pound in ahead of his own mounts. A month ago, Arcaro's sour grapes—a rare item with him—ripened to wrath. Said he: "All Native Dancer has done is go around beating the same horses, and most of the time carrying equal weight? . . . Would you call him a great horse?"

Then, last week, Native Dancer's regular jockey, Eric Guerin, drew a ten-day suspension for a foul committed when he was riding another horse in the Saratoga Special. A man with sound judgment and a sense of humor, Owner Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt picked Eddie to ride the Dancer in last week's \$112,600 American Derby at Washington Park, near Chicago. Arcaro took the horse on a trial spin. Allowed Eddie: "He's a big, powerful animal."

At last the day came, and the greatest U.S. jockey and the greatest U.S. three-year-old raced together. With Native Dancer such a glaring favorite, the Washington Park management permitted no show betting, fearful that the heavy betting on the Dancer would force the track to cough up, for the minimum payoff, more money than was bet. This goaded the New York *Herald Tribune's* Red Smith into some sharp comment: "The sturdy old American virtues of avarice, stupidity and parsimony, qualities that have won for racetrack operators the warm affections which the public ordinarily reserves for pawnbrokers and dogcatchers, were gloriously exemplified . . ."

Naturally, Native Dancer, Arcaro up, romped off with his 18th victory in 19 years, jetting to the fore in the stretch, as usual, to beat James C. Brady's Landlocked by two lengths. He carried 128 lbs., top weight of his career, against 120 lbs. for Landlocked and less for the rest of the field. His time for the mile-and-a-furlong: 1:48½, only one-fifth second off the track mark. The winner's purse: \$66,500. Although Citation was still the "all-time great" to Eddie Arcaro, he granted at last: "I guess the Dancer's about everything they say."

Tennis, Male & Female

Can a good male tennis player beat a topnotch female tennis player? This week the world's best woman player gave New York *Times* Sports writer Allison Danzig a decidedly nonfeminist answer. Said U.S. and Wimbledon Champion Maureen Connolly: "He would simply annihilate her. I know. I was annihilated myself yesterday by a pro no one has ever heard of." Added Little Mo, the hardest hitter in the ladies' division: "Men hit so much harder and run so much faster than women that we don't have a ghost of a chance against them . . . They are so much stronger at the net [and] even when they stay back, it doesn't make much difference. The pro I played . . . hardly volleyed once, and still he killed me."

The Ashes Come Home

In her glorious old imperialist days, England exported her national sport so fervently that the sun never set on cricket.* The ones who learned cricket best, England discovered to her sorrow, were the sturdy Australians. After England's second loss to the Aussies, the despondent London *Sporting Times* wrote: "English cricket . . . died at the oval, Aug. 29, 1882. . . The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia." The Ashes eventually became the invisible symbol of victory in the matches. For the last 20 years, down-under cricketers have held on

innings. On the third day, with Australia up at bat again, England's bowlers tore into Australia, putting them out for a measly 162. Triumph for England was only 132 runs away, and before dark her batsmen got 38 of them, for the loss of only one wicket. Ninety-four to go.

British sportswriters made remarkably uncricket exhibitions of themselves. Wrote the *Daily Mirror's* Peter Wilson: "We took them by the throat and scruff . . . We took them neck and crop, bag and baggage, hip and thigh, skin and bone, and we bundled them out . . ." Retorted an Aussie writer: "No trumpets yet, England!"

As the final day dawned, even London's Communist *Daily Worker* stopped scowling at capitalists long enough to huzzah:



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ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA TEST MATCH*
Neck and crop, bag and baggage, hip and thigh.

to the Ashes. Last week long-humiliated England saw a chance to win them back.

Of the current rubber's five matches, four had been draws. Thus everything rested on the fifth. Twenty-four hours before it began, a wave of hope far wilder than ever gripped a partisan World Series crowd in the U.S. swept Britain. Queues lengthened outside London's Kennington Oval. Intoned the London *Times*: "The cricket community at the opposite ends of the world stands with bated breath."

Winning the toss, Australia chose to bat first. In cricket, as in baseball, the best batsmen lead off the order. To England's joy, the Aussies' best were quickly put out. But then Australia's "tail wagged"; her weaker batsmen managed to build their team's total to a respectable 275 runs before their tenth and last wicket fell (i.e., the side was retired on the equivalent of three baseball outs). Then England batted, scoring 306 runs to gain a lead of 31 on the first of the match's two

"A wonderful day for England!" Gritted the *Daily Herald*: "Cricket is, of course, only a game. So is climbing Mount Everest. But how this nation needs those runs."

With snail-like caution, England resumed batting. The howled balls bounced crazily off the now-frayed turf. In the early afternoon, some 25,000 tauntly silent fans watched the Aussies claim another wicket—their last. At 2:53 p.m., England's Denis Compton swatted the winning run.

The crowds surged onto the field, trying hard to keep their cricket manners (e.g., signs warn that anyone asking for autographs may be removed from the grounds). But they wound up hugging and kissing their heroes and thumping them on the back. The press exploded in typographical fireworks. Banned the

* Australian batsman (top left), umpire (with bat) and English wicketkeeper (at wicket, lower left) watch as England's Bowler Tony Lock (top, right) bends over backward in gesture of thanks for dramatic play. Australian Batsman Ron Archer (center foreground) has just popped up ball to English Fielder Bill Edrich (on his back, lower right).

* In 1751, London trounced New York, 160-130, in the U.S.



ROCK AT WORK IN SHEEP-HERDING CONTEST
in the ram's shadow, a Svengali gaze.

Joan Gerdis

News Chronicle: ONE OF THE GREAT DAYS.

In Australia, defeat was taken with good grace. After all, Aussies noted, they are still handily ahead in the 76-year-old competition—68 wins to England's 57. Philosophized Sydney's *Sun News Pictorial*: "There is no need for the kangaroo to hide its head in its pouch. Those Ashes have not gone forever."

The Hypnotic Dog

At the baseball park of the Ogden (Utah) Reds last week, some 2,000 spectators gazed on a strange sight: the diamond was overrun by flocks of sheep, darting dogs and excited men who whistled and yelled. It was the annual World Series of an unusual sport: the herding championship of the North American Sheep Dog Society. The crowd's favorite was a black & white border collie* named Rock, owned by Society President Arthur Allen. Rock, so small (32 lbs.) that he seems lost in the shadow of a ram, was imported from Scotland as a pup four years ago. On Allen's 280-acre Illinois farm, he puts flocks of some 400 sheep through their proper paces year-round.

In last week's contest, Rock was pitted against 14 other border collies. The assignment: to convoy a flock of five sheep around a set course and into a pen in twelve minutes or less. The Utah range sheep used in all the trials had never before seen a dog or a pen. As Rock and Art Allen waited tensely at home plate, the dog's unruly charges were let loose in far center field. Shouted Allen: "Go on wide away!" In a furry blur, Rock shot off on his "outrun," circling wide and closing in slowly for the "lift." As the sheep testily pawed the turf, Rock calmly fixed them with a mesmeric eye. This nearly hyp-

notic power is the proud sheep dog's most important quality, and shepherds claim that a dog must be born with it: if he does not have it, i.e., is "loose-eyed," he can never acquire it.

Without barking (one yip would mean disqualification) and guided only rarely by whistles, calls or hand signals from Allen, Rock outstared, outflanked and outsmarted the flock around the course. He drove them through 12-ft.-wide gates set up in right and left field, losing two points for failing to usher a stray ewe through one gate. Finally, Rock worked them all over to a small pen which Allen had opened. Glaring fiercely, the dog got four sheep to back slowly inside. However, a rebellious old ewe charged at Rock. Without even "popping his jaws" (snapping with feigned ferocity) or guiding her by the ear ("gripping" is illegal), Rock stood fast and caught her eye with his Svengali gaze. The ewe turned and pushed her way into the pen.

By copping 48 points (out of a possible 50) in 5 min. 39 sec., Rock won \$200 and his third straight North American championship. Allen, who frowns on overly bossy dog handlers, had some advice for last week's losing owners: "Ranchers should just remember that their dogs know more about herding sheep than they do."

Scoreboard

¶ In Bern, Switzerland, Alberto Ascari, Italy's brilliant racing driver, deftly steered his Ferrari to victory in the 204.7-mi. Swiss Grand Prix. Ascari covered the corkscrew course in 3 hours, 1 min. 34.4 sec., at an average speed of 94.3 m.p.h.

¶ In Pasadena, Calif., Fortune Gordien, competing in a John Muir College track and field meet, broke his own official world mark in the discus throw with a prodigious toss of 194 ft. 6 in.—bettering the old record by 7 ft. 7 in.

Family Squabble

"Kind words about natural science come from eminent churchmen at regular intervals. Kind words about religion come from eminent scientists with somewhat less regularity . . . What is the actual relationship between American Catholics and natural science?" asks University of Notre Dame Scientist Julian Pleasants in the current *Commonweal*. "Is it a happy marriage, a divorce, or a simple case of nonsupport?"

The statistics, according to Pleasants, suggest nonsupport. Roman Catholic colleges turn out relatively few scientists, spend less than their share on scientific research. They apply for far less than their fair share of Government money earmarked for science. Fellowship funds go begging for applicants from Catholic schools.

What has broken up the household? Two things, says Pleasants, a Roman Catholic. On the one hand, "prevailing Catholic philosophy is almost sheer formalism, obedience to certain arbitrary prescriptions for the sake of an arbitrary reward . . . Where the formulae do not apply, the matter is of no real significance. Nothing new need be added. Formalism does not forbid creative activity—it just takes the heart out of it."

On the other hand, Catholics have let modern science usurp "the central governing virtue of Christian life. To it belongs, by right, the spirit of critical investigation, of discovery, invention and experimentation, whether our aim at the time is to know something, to make something, or to do something."

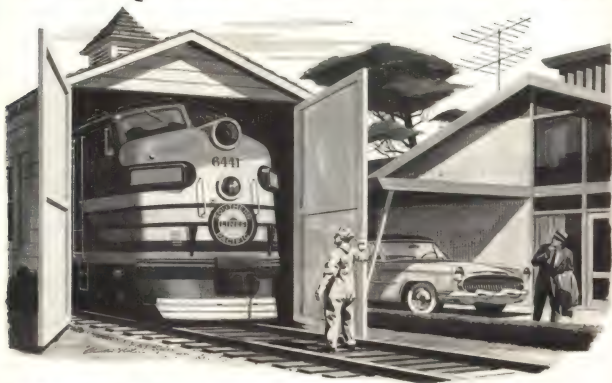
Despite the family squabble, Pleasants is certain that "Catholicism and science were meant for each other. In the church we find the feminine element of life in its perfection . . . Yet the church as a human institution suffers the temptations of its state, *les défauts de ses qualités*: the temptation to timidity, the temptation to rank custom above life and obedience above prudence. Modern science is a masculine element, inquisitive, daring, critical, willing to try the new, yet careless of holding fast to what is good in the old, lacking often in reverence for human nature and even for things themselves, feeling strangely dissatisfied in the very midst of its triumphs. Each needs the other. Both are suffering from this overlong courtship. The world itself needs their fruitful union."

The Cloudbusters

Ever since they arrived in Medford, Ore. in 1949, ex-Navy Pilots Harvey Brandau and Eugene Kooser have been stirring up clouds of trouble. Flying war-weary fighter planes, they have been "seeding" the thunderheads over Rogue River Valley with a secret formula they called "goop." According to the fruit farmers who have hired the flyers, the seeding causes rainfall and prevents crop-ruining hail. But many of the valley's hay

* Not to be confused with the plain collie, much larger and of little value as a working dog.

\$604,000,000 to keep ahead of the Joneses



"Keeping up with the Joneses" is not usually recommended.

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The West and Southwest we serve is the fastest growing part of the United States—both population-wise and industry-wise. That means that there is an ever-increasing demand for fast, efficient transportation—both freight and passenger.

To meet this demand—and, in fact, to anticipate it, and to encourage its expansion—Southern Pacific has the greatest modernization program in its history going full blast. We have hundreds of miles of new passenger and freight cars and diesel loco-

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and cattle ranchers feel that the flyers are nothing but cloudbusters, robbing dry-land farmers of rain.

At first Brandau and Kooser used silver iodide, sprayed through extensions on their planes' exhaust pipes. Eventually, to cut down expenses, they replaced the iodide with goop which seemed to work just as well. One man, flying high (up to 35,000 ft.) over the tops of thunderheads, seeds them with dry goop. Below the clouds, the other plane sprays a solution of superheated goop. Some ten minutes later, rain usually falls. Hail, so they claim, has no chance to form.

For the first few years, Brandau and Kooser seeded typical hail clouds, and no hail hit the valley's prize fruit. The skeptics called it coincidence. But, after three unspoiled harvests, the skeptics were almost convinced. Then, in August 1952, a hailstorm ripped the pear crop to shreds.



Kenn Knockstedt

PILOTS KOOSER & BRANDAU
They sowed a salty secret.

Not our fault, said the pilots: both planes were grounded for repairs. One month later they seeded a sky full of thunderheads. Hail fell again. This time the pilots explained that they had never claimed to have the equipment to handle such frontal storms.

This summer an unpredicted hailstorm hit the valley before the planes could get aloft. But, despite a late start, the flyers did their best. Weather reports showed a change from storm to light rainfall as the two planes shepherded the clouds across the valley.

Cloudbusters or not, the pilots draw substantial salaries, and the fruit farmers pay some \$30,000 a year to keep the seeders in the air. But the heated argument goes on, and State Representative Robert W. Root, whose constituents are in both camps, sponsored a bill requiring all weather-tampering experiments to be closely supervised by the state's department of agriculture. Result: Brandau and Kooser are still seeding thunderheads, but they have had to reveal their formula for goop. It is nothing but common table salt.

"Why not ask ME what's good in a school?"



Daylight Walls flood rooms with cheerful light at Edgemoor Elementary School, McHenry, Illinois. Architect, Raymond A. Orput, Rockford, Illinois

"Our new schoolroom has great big windows so you can see out. You can see the trees and grass, just like at home. That makes it more fun to go to school."

When students and teachers in several newly completed schools were asked what they liked best about the design, both groups were enthusiastic about the "large windows", the "abundance of glass" and the "daylight quality".

No one item in school design can do more to banish the "cooped-up" feeling than large areas of clear glass. Daylight Walls, stretching from sill to ceiling, add a feeling of spaciousness, bring light and sun and view into the room . . . make the room

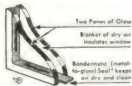
a part of the world beyond. Isn't it logical that work and study progress better when teachers and students have such pleasant surroundings?

School Boards like Daylight Walls, too, because they are economical to build (no masonry, lath, plaster or paint), economical to maintain (glass is easy to clean, doesn't wear out). In the box below you'll find facts on *Thermopane*[®] insulating glass which cuts heating costs and adds to indoor comfort in winter.

If you are interested in school design, you'll enjoy reading the booklet "*How to Get Nature-Quality Light for School Children*". Write to Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, 4683 Nicholas Building, Toledo 3, Ohio.

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THE PRESS

K-Day

In London last week, the world's biggest daily, the tabloid *Mirror* (circ. 4,432,700), got out its three-inch type for a single banner headline: WOMEN. In smaller type, the *Mirror* added: Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, the World's No. 1 Sex-analyst, *Blows the Gaff Today on All About Eve*. Indiana's Dr. Alfred Kinsey was not alone in blowing the gaff. K-day—the prearranged release date* for a summary of his book on *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (TIME, Aug. 24)—set off the biggest and raciest commotion the world's press had seen in years.

Self-Analysis. In reporting Kinsey's findings, newspapers revealed as much about themselves as Kinsey did about women. The New York *Times* had refused to sign the contract required to cover the event, used only a 1,000-word condensation of the A.P.'s summary—and buried that on the book page. With characteristic spleen, the Chicago *Tribune* reported the news, denounced Kinsey as a "real menace to society."

Many papers, e.g., the Oakland *Tribune*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, did not run a word from the entire report. Neither did the gossip Hollywood *Citizen-News*, which half-proudly, half-wistfully called its readers' attention to the fact that it had passed up the "most sensational news story in the history of journalism." The stately Philadelphia *Bulletin* had a worse case of split personality. It had signed

* To gain access to Kinsey's study, some 160 newspaper and magazine writers had signed contracts binding themselves to such restrictions as: 1) not to publish stories until release date; 2) limit them to 5,000 words; 3) submit advance copies to Kinsey for his approval on their accuracy.



DR. KINSEY & REPORTERS
In Philadelphia, a split personality.

the agreement, sent a reporter to Bloomington, Ind. to get the Kinsey report story, and had his 3,300-word summary written. But it finally killed the story with this rueful notice to readers: "It is impossible to present any adequate summary of the findings without giving unnecessary offense to many in [our] large family of readers... For those who want it," the *Bulletin* added helpfully, "the book itself will be available next month." Slightly less timid, the Raleigh *Times* ran no story but offered galley proofs of the wire-service account to any readers who wanted them, gave away more than 900 by week's end.

Hearst papers generally gave the story maximum play, while simultaneously cluck-clucking on their editorial pages. Hearst's New York tabloid, the *Daily Mirror*, which seldom passes up any story with a sex angle, explained to its readers that it ran this "supposedly... scientific effort [because] we felt we could not become overpious and fail to publish it." Scripps-Howard editors had local option on how to handle the story, e.g., the San Francisco *News* ran only an explanation of why it was leaving Kinsey out ("This is adult reading"), while Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* cut out the data on teenage petting. Other editors had more trouble figuring out euphemisms for Kinsey's clinical expressions.

His Next Lecture. Some editors did their best to keep the story going, with follow-ups on what women thought about Kinsey. Many readers were indignant. The Great Bend, Kans. *Tribune* got so many protests "from religious groups and... individual readers" that it stopped a five-installment series with the first and swore off: "No more Kinsey."

In England, the *Mirror*'s lusty coverage was countered by the usually sensational *Daily Express*, which omitted the report and wrote instead about "Our Sex-Sodden Newspapers." In Italy, most papers gave it only brief, rather bored play, or ignored it altogether. Sophisticated Paris simply yawned. Said Alfred Charles Kinsey, vacationing in California: "My next lecture is Aug. 25."

Inside the Enigma

At a Soviet diplomatic reception in 1945, when commissars still talked to Western newsmen, Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov proposed a toast to the Associated Press's Moscow chief, Eddy Gilmore. "You don't like censorship," said Molotov. "What would you say if I proposed reciprocity?" The puzzled Gilmore downed a one-gulp toast to "reciprocity" and, like Molotov, turned the glass upside down over his head to show that it was empty. With a drop or two of vodka still trickling down his nose, Molotov walked on, leaving Gilmore wondering what he meant. Next day the Russians suddenly stopped censorship of newsmen's copy. Three weeks later, just as inexplicably, they imposed it again.



CORRESPONDENT GILMORE & FAMILY
On Molotov's nose, a drop of vodka.

Such insoluble riddles were merely daily routine for Correspondent Gilmore during the twelve years he covered Moscow for the A.P. Now back in the U.S., with his Russian ex-ballerina wife and their two children, 46-year-old Eddy Gilmore last week told some of the stories he could not write in Russia.

A Recipe. From the start of the cold war, censorship was always iron-handed, often mysterious. In 1947, when Gilmore filed a light feature story on how Russian housewives cook shashlik and beef Stroganoff, the censor deleted everything in the story except the recipe, apparently because he thought the discussion of Russian eating habits was intended to make them look barbaric. Newsmen never set eyes on the censors or knew who they were. They simply took three copies of every story to entrance No. 10 at the Moscow Central Telegraph Office. If the story cleared quickly, newsmen got it back in as little as 30 minutes, censored and stamped. Any but the most routine stories took hours or days; many a story just disappeared.

On fast-breaking news, correspondents often telephoned London at the same time that they cabled their censored dispatches. If they strayed a single word from the censored text, the telephone line always went abruptly dead. To warn deskmen in A.P.'s London bureau, Gilmore sometimes wrote at the end of a dispatch, "Please give this a careful reading; I had to write it in a hurry," which they knew meant "The censor's been hacking at this one; watch it closely."

The only kind of story that correspondents knew they could usually clear through censorship without a hitch was one taken directly from the Russian press. But even then, the censors would sometimes delete "Pravda says," making it

sound like the correspondent's own opinion. Every phone the newsmen could use was tapped; there was always loud clicking on the line. Two English-speaking A.P. secretaries were mysteriously hauled off to jail and oblivion. In addition, correspondents were never given even elementary information by the Russians. "If they announced a new appointment," says Gilmore, "and you didn't have your own personal file on the guy, you couldn't even get anyone to tell you his middle name."

A Relaxation. After Stalin's death, Gilmore noted signs that the Russians were easing up again as part of their "peace offensive" (his wife was greeted for the first time in years by a Russian ballerina friend). But for Gilmore, their biggest concession, which he had vainly sought for six years, was to permit his wife and children to leave Russia with him. Now at home in Selma, Ala., vacationing and preparing for a lecture tour of the U.S., Gilmore will probably be reassigned by A.P. to Western Europe. He has no desire to go back to Russia.

Mrs. Gilmore, nee Tamara Chernashova, had a few things to say herself on a Birmingham TV interview. On ballet: "Don't ask Eddy about ballet. He doesn't understand." On fashions: "Russian women are just as interested in clothes as American women. A woman is a woman." On global matters: "I'm sorry to be so stupid. Women are very much in political life and business in my country, but I never notice much. I'm interested in my children and my big fat husband."

Novice at Work

Almost every news picture of the Shah of Iran last week showed him with an olive-skinned young man, note pad in hand, whom many mistook for a member of the Shah's entourage. Actually, he was a reporter, 23-year-old A.P. Correspondent Richard Ehrman, who has been an A.P. staffer for only six months but managed to put A.P. ahead of everybody else on news of the Shah.

Dark, Italian-born Dick Ehrman speaks five languages (Italian, French, German, English, Polish). Before he joined A.P. as a stringer in Florence, he worked as an interpreter for the U.S. Army and a disk jockey for the Army's radio station in Leghorn. His colleagues say he has a "weird quality of seeming to be the same nationality as the person he is covering." This weird quality paid off last month, when Japanese Crown Prince Akihito visited Rome; Ehrman was mistaken for a member of the prince's party, admitted to the official reception.

At Lunch. When the Shah and Queen Soraya first arrived in Rome, Ehrman was the only newsmen admitted to see them in the airport waiting room; the Italian police took him for an Iranian. Next day Ehrman reserved a lunch table close to the Shah's in the dining room of the Excelsior Hotel, arranged to get telephone bulletins from the A.P.'s office. When the news of Mossadegh's fall came in, Ehrman bounded past the waiters blocking his

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path, informed the Shah that he was still really in power, was rewarded by the Shah's telling him, before anybody else, of his plans to return to Iran. Ehrman brought a steady flow of A.P. bulletins to the Shah, including Ehrman's own stories quoting the Shah's reactions. "You're doing a good job," the Shah told him.

After lunch Ehrman dashed out, bought the first editions of the Italian papers and offered to translate them for the Shah. The Shah gratefully accepted, and Ehrman thoughtfully closed the door of the Shah's suite behind him. Later, when other newsmen got in for a press conference, they found Ehrman already there. After the conference, as they raced out to lobby telephones, Ehrman used the Shah's own phone, put in another call to the A.P.



Associated Press
CORRESPONDENT EHRLMAN & FRIEND
He remembered to close the door.

bureau with the Shah at his side, dictated his own interview ("His majesty has kindly consented to tell us . . .").

Dessert. When the Shah's twin sister Princess Ashraf flew in from Cannes, Ehrman was the only reporter to recognize her in the lobby, bolted over to introduce himself. By then he had been photographed so often with the Shah that the Princess said: "Oh, I recognize you from your pictures." Ehrman got her into a corner for another exclusive chat. Later, when the Shah decided to take 20 newsmen back to Teheran with him, he pointed to Ehrman saying: "The news of the new developments was brought to me by a newspaperman, and from then on, my hours were spent in studying the situation with the help of the free press of the world. I realize now more than ever how much the press can be of service . . ." In a strangely wonderful way, the Shah seemed to feel that those telling him about the events were making them happen. When KLM Airline refused to take reporters without visas, an aide to the Shah warned the airline: "Keep on like this and . . . you may find your airline into Teheran shut down." KLM quickly announced that "journalists can go on their own responsibility." "They go on my responsibility," snapped the Shah. "They are my guests."

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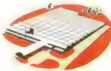
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THE THEATER

Down with the Proscenium!

"To see Shakespeare plain, you have to see him on a platform stage," said Brooks Atkinson, venerable drama critic of the venerable *New York Times*, last week after watching the production of seven Shakespearean plays at the Theater Festival of Ohio's Antioch College. The plays were all minor (e.g., *Coriolanus*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Timon of Athens*), the actors were hardly more than adequate, the productions unfinished. But even so, the performances on Antioch's open-air platform stage were, in Atkinson's opinion, proof that "the sort of marshmallow Shakespeare represented by the Katharine Hepburn *As You Like It* a few seasons ago . . . is obsolete today. For it is time we pulled loose completely from the grandiose pretensions of the 19th century style of Shakespearean producing. It is time we came face to face with the plays."

Atkinson was not urging a return to the primitive conditions of the Globe Theater ("It would be sentimental buncumb to use to the advantages that have accrued to us"). But he insists that "it is the essence of Shakespeare that today fascinates audiences, who, for the first time, are getting through the polite surface of 19th century showmanship into the heart of the dramas." Convinced that the whole theory of the proscenium arch that has dominated the English-speaking stage since the Restoration is beginning to crumble, Atkinson urges that "not only Shakespeare but modern playwrighting needs the poetic freedom of some sort of platform stage." He warns: "Anyone who now builds a theater tied permanently to a proscenium stage is likely to find himself with a mausoleum on his hands before he has amortized the mortgage."

Curtain Going Up

Broadway this week is as expectant as a darkened theater just before curtain time. In loft buildings and on sceneryless stages, a dozen casts are rehearsing for the coming season. At straw-hat theaters across the U.S., more than 50 other plays have already made bids for Broadway. Veteran showmen, scanning the theatrical horizon, counted the biggest batch of new shows in many a year:

¶ Though not yet in rehearsal, Joshua Logan's production of Norman Krasna's *Kind Sir* is tabbed as a likely hit on the strength of its co-stars, Mary Martin and Charles Boyer. A comedy-romance about an actress and a State Department official, *Kind Sir* is due on Broadway in December, is already sold out to theater parties for the first three months.

¶ The Playwrights' Company will offer Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy*, starring Deborah Kerr and telling of a schoolboy falsely accused of homosexuality; Elmer Rice's *The Winner*; and Samuel Taylor's *Sabrina Fair* (already sold to the movies as a vehicle for Audrey Hepburn), featuring Barbara Bel Geddes



MARY MARTIN



DEBORAH KERR



International; Allan Grant—Liz; Loomis Deas—Liz
BARBARA BEL GEDDES

Diplomat, schoolboy and expatriate.

as an American girl readjusting to life at home after three years in Paris.

¶ The London stage will send its usual handful of hopefuls: *The Little Hut*, a quadrangle play about a husband, his wife and her lover, shipwrecked on a desert island with an amorous and bogus native; and two mysteries, *A Pin to See the Peep Show* and *Gently Does It*, both hoping to duplicate the Broadway success of London's *Dial M for Murder*.

¶ Billy Rose returns to producing with a brace of French plays: the musical, *Orpheus in the Underworld*, based on Jacques Offenbach's score and with a new book by Ben Hecht (see MUSIC); and a dramatization of André Gide's *The Immoralist*, starring Geraldine Page and directed by Herman Shumlin. Other French entries: *The Strong Are Lonely*, with Victor Francen and Margaret Webster; and a Louis Kronenberger adaptation of Jean Anouilh's bitter *Colombe*, a starring vehicle for talented Julie Harris.

¶ From the summer circuit come George Batson's mystery drama, *Celia*, with Jessie Royce Landis; *The Frogs of Spring*, a Manhattan comedy based on Nathaniel Benchley's *New Yorker* stories; and Eva Gabor in *Sailor's Delight*.

¶ Producer Leland Haywood is devoting his considerable energies to the Lindsay & Crouse drama, *The Prescott Proposals*, starring Katharine Cornell and telling of the tribulations of a U.S. woman delegate to the United Nations.

¶ Producer Jed Harris may put on the long-promised Thornton Wilder play, *Emporium*, a story of a symbolic department store; Harris will also direct Paddy Cha-

yefsky's prize ring drama, *Fifth from Gibraltar*.

¶ Playwright F. Hugh Herbert aims at equaling the smash success of his *The Moon Is Blue* with *A Girl Can Tell*, a new comedy about a teen-ager and her mother. George Axelrod, who wrote last season's hit, *The Seven-Year Itch*, will be back with another comedy called *Piff!*, which he describes as "the heart-warming chronicle of a happy divorce." Sidney (*Detective Story*) Kingsley is hard at work on a comedy about "sex and laughter" called *Satyr's Dance*.

¶ Betty Field and Edna Best will co-star in *The Ladies of the Corridor*, a drama of lonely women in metropolitan hotels by Dorothy Parker and Arnaud D'Usseau; George S. Kaufman collaborates with Howard Teichmann in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, starring Josephine Hull; and the U.S. occupation of Okinawa gets a good-humored going-over in Maurice Evans' production of *The Tea House of the August Moon*, based on Vern Sneider's bestselling novel.

The list of musicals is surprisingly slim: Shirley Booth will top the list in Herbert & Dorothy Fields' *By the Beautiful Sea*, whose locale is Coney Island at the turn of the century; *Carnival in Flanders* (based on the French film *La Kermesse Heroique*), starring Dolores Gray, is touring the West Coast and may make it back to Broadway. Also promised: British Comedienne Hermione Gingold in John Murray Anderson's *Almanac*, Anna Russell and Her Little Show, *At Home with Ethel Waters*, and a Palm Beach musical based on Cleveland Amory's *The Last Resorts*.



EVA GABOR



UNITED PRESS; ALLAN GRANT—LIZ; LOOMIS DEAS—LIZ
GERALDINE PAGE



KATHARINE CORNELL

Sailor, immoralist and U.N. delegate.



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RADIO & TV

Oldtimer

In a St. Louis department-store show window one day in 1932, Fred Allen, a reformed juggler, made his television debut. The performance was part promotion stunt for his touring show (*There's a Crowd*), part demonstration of a new gadget called Sanabria Giant Television,* which transmitted a fuzzy image of Allen to an audience on the store's third floor. "I just stood there and talked," Allen recalls. "It must have come out on the screen like a jumping passport."

Last week Comic Allen, who retired from radio in 1949 because of failing health (hypertension) and a falling Hooper, was back on television. It was his third attempt to find a niche in a medium



FRED ALLEN
He just works there.

which he sneeringly calls "a triumph of equipment over people," a form of entertainment that has doomed the next generation to "eyeballs as big as cantaloupes and no brain at all." Allen had agreed to put his sagging face, rasping voice and acid wit to work as master of ceremonies of NBC's *Judge for Yourself* (Tues. 10 p.m.). "I figure this show will take one day of thinking and one day of doing," he said. "It's not mine. I just work there."

It was a strange job for a man who has often blasted television's tiresome clichés. The new show had them all: a panel of experts, guest contestants, talent acts, a big cash prize (\$1,000), dancing cigarette packages (Old Golds) and a studio crowd slavishly applauding everything in sight, including the commercials. In repartee

* An early TV, developed by Ulises A. Sanabria, now president of Chicago's American Television Inc.

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Chicago 10, Ill. } and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work

with the amateur panelists (a device Groucho Marx has used with immense success) Allen's gift for ad lib is supposed to shine forth. Shine it did on the first show, but all too briefly in the half-hour clutter of people and performance. The acts—a girl singer, a ballroom dance team and a pair of "electronic harmonica" players—were adequate but undistinguished, raising the question whether another talent show is really TV's crying need.

As the premiere ended, Allen sat with his cheeks puffed out like a man who had just missed his train, shuffled his wad of gum to the side of his mouth, and pleaded: "If you don't like the show, for heaven's sake keep quiet until we get the thing fixed up."

Share the Time

On California's Monterey peninsula last week, two separate TV stations, about 14 miles apart in Monterey and Salinas, began beaming test patterns on the same channel (No. 8). It promised to be a friendly, take-turns arrangement. Monterey's KMBY-TV (one quarter owned by Bing Crosby) and Salinas' KSBW-TV had both applied to the FCC for the area's one open channel. Then they decided to pool forces rather than delay local television, perhaps for another year or so, while struggling through lengthy hearings. The FCC granted them its first share-time permit last February.

Regular telecasting will begin Sept. 12, with each station using its own staff and studios (but sharing the same transmitter atop Mount Toro). The stations will telecast a combined total of 85 hours a week—splitting the week nights and taking Sundays by turn. Four other share-time permits have been granted to stations in Rochester, N.Y., Minneapolis-St. Paul, Phoenix, and Kansas City, Mo.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 28. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). The Wagner Opera Festival in Bayreuth, Germany.

Transatlantic Briefing (Sun. 3:30 p.m., NBC). New five-way conversation between newsmen in New York, London, Rome, Paris and Frankfurt.

Best Plays (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Tonight at 8:30, with Madeleine Carroll.

General Electric Theater (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). John Hodiak in *A Bell for Adano*.

TELEVISION

United Nations General Assembly (weekdays 4:30 p.m., NBC). Report and commentary from U.N. headquarters.

Footlights Theater (Fri. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Broderick Crawford in *Margin for Fair*.

You Are There (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). *The Fate of Nathan Hale*.

Doorway to Danger (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., ABC). First of a spy-thriller series.

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ART

Oasis in Manhattan

When the summer sun blisters the Manhattan pavement and the rasp of traffic noise mounts to unbearable decibels, one of the most inviting oases—better even than an air-conditioned movie—is the Sculpture Garden of the Museum of Modern Art. There, only two blocks north of towering Rockefeller Center, the visitor may walk in peace amidst birches, hornbeams and willows, linger by cool reflecting pools, or sit on convenient benches, looking at sculpture.

Since last April, when the garden opened, its sculpture has been well worth looking at. Maillol's recumbent nude, *The River*, lies with her hair touching the surface of a pool; in a dominant center position stands a roughly molded, magnificent bronze by Pablo Picasso, *Shepherd Holding a Lamb*, which proves that Picasso can be a lot more forceful in 3-D than in some of his two-dimensional painted abstractions. There is also Jacob Epstein's majestic, reposeful *Madonna and Child*, an anguished *Horse* by Italy's Marino Marini, and a skeletal abstraction, *Double Standing Figure*, by Britain's Henry Moore. Among the sculpture are evergreens, geraniums and winter jasmine.

The outdoor exhibit is part of the museum's summer show, "Sculpture of the

20th Century" (TIME, Oct. 27), which also includes (indoors) such outstanding pieces as Rodin's *St. John the Baptist*, poised in mid-stride with arm upraised in beckoning command; a voluptuous Matisse nude and a light-as-air Degas dancer; less representational studies like Constantin Brancusi's shining, vertical *Bird in Space* and his monolithic marble *Fish*, which for all its solidity conveys a feeling of watery motion. The high quality of the show has helped keep the ticket-takers near the big glass doors busy all summer. Last week they were checking in more than 1,000 paying customers a day at 60¢ a head. Most of the visitors made straight for the sculpture garden.

But the museum's other floors held more attractions: one of the world's best collections of modern paintings (new acquisitions include a fascinatingly fearsome *Dog* by Britain's Francis Bacon); a show of postwar European photography; a specialized exhibit showing the 100-year evolution of the modern chair, from the first bentwood model to the tubular-steel jobs of Marcel Breuer and Le Corbusier to the most recent design, which goes right back to bentwood. If the visitor insists, he can even find that air-conditioned movie in the basement, where old film classics are shown (this week: Ernst Lubitsch's *Trouble in Paradise*).



Morley Holmes

MAILLOL'S "RIVER" AND MOORE FIGURES (RIGHT) IN MANHATTAN SCULPTURE GARDEN. Also "Trouble in Paradise" and Picasso in 3-D.

Painting in Canada

THE brief history of Canadian art is much less known than that of art in the U.S., but nearly as respectable. Reflecting a stable, rural, sparsely populated land, Canadian art has been even more provincial than U.S. painting, and full of vigor. A sizable show at Canada's National Gallery in Ottawa brings together some of the nation's best canvases. The color pages, opposite and overleaf, are a sampling of the exhibition.

¶ François Malepart de Beaucourt, who painted the *Negro Slave*, was Canada's first artist of international caliber. Trained in France, he developed a slick and brisk technique which well suited his obvious purpose: to charm. Copley and Stuart, American contemporaries, were deeper students of character, but not of paint.

¶ Wilhelm Von Moll Berczy's family portrait of the Woolseys had scores of contemporary U.S. counterparts. Born in Saxony, Berczy adventured through Europe, brought a group of German settlers to New York State and then led them on into Canada. With the quietude of age, he turned to architecture and workmanlike portraiture. He charged a fee for each of the Woolseys in the picture, but in a note on the back of the canvas, Berczy notes that its real hero, the dog, "was added without cost."

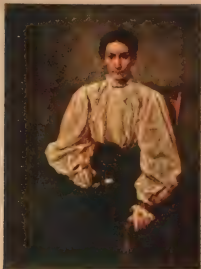
¶ Cornelius Krieghoff fought for the U.S. against the Indians, then went over the hill into Canada and became Quebec's most popular artist. Influenced by Currier & Ives, he produced a rich record of mid-19th century life in the snowy north.

¶ Ozias Leduc is a Quebec brother to Philadelphia's late Thomas Eakins. His *Madame Lebrun*, painted in 1899, has the same passionate sobriety that made Eakins great. Both men began with Rembrandt, but neither knuckled under to the old master. They were as true to their age and hemisphere as Rembrandt had been to his. To portraitists of such quality, models are not only flesh and bones in a chair but also thoughts and feelings in the air. Madame Lebrun's sad, narrow gaze—as much as her elegant blouse and the stiffness of her spine—is forever Victorian.

¶ Alexander Jackson was one of a band of seven native painters who far surpassed New York's bland "Hudson River School." To picture the raw splendor of Canada's glaciers, frozen lakes and jack-pine forests, they developed a rough & ready brand of French Impressionism, with broader strokes and darker colors. In the 1920s Canadian critics inclined to scoff at the group; now that its efforts are history, it is becoming more and more revered.

¶ Goodridge Roberts studied in Manhattan with John Sloan, Max Weber and Boardman Robinson, will soon travel to Paris on a Canadian government fellowship. Like most contemporary Canadian painters, he feels closer to Paris than to New York. After Jackson's "Group of Seven," Roberts' art looks cool and quiet as an anticlimax ought to be.

Where will Canadian painting go from



MADAME LEBRUN was a staunch Victorian matron, who sat for portrait by Quebec's *Atanas Lebrun*, now 88



CANADIAN GIRL was wife of Painter *Goodridge Roberts*, 28, one of Canada's most influential artists. Picture owes something to Matisse, has own quiet dignity of feeling to match simplicity of form.



NEGRO SLAVE, painted by Montreal Artist *François Malepart de Beaucourt* in 1786, is fresh and rich as ice-cream sundae. Technique shows influence of Chardin (in still life) and Fragonard (in background).



WOOLSEY FAMILY, painted in 1809 by German-born *Wilhelm von Moll Bercy* and his son, cost £10 per head



The National Gallery, Canada

WINTER LANDSCAPE is convincingly cold and spacious canvas done in 1849 by German Immigrant *Cornelius Krieghoff*. He found Canada just the place to put his Düsseldorf training in panoramic realism to dramatic and profitable use.

"NIGHT, PINE ISLAND" was painted in 1921 by *Alexander Jackson*, a leading light of "Group of Seven" who banded together to paint glories of Canadian wilds. Here artist fused wind, waves, rocks, trees and stars into a coherent whole.

H. O. McCurry



here? The answer seems to be: anywhere and everywhere. Her painters are individualists with more temerity than training. In a time of fast-growing wealth and expanding horizons, Canadian art should be full of surprises.

Skin-Deep

*By electrical means, without pain
Your pure epidermis may gain
From head unto heels—
If the idea appeals—
Decorations of which you will be vain.*

Thus one of the most popular artists in Manhattan's Chinatown, the late Charlie Wagner, advertised his pictures. Until his death last New Year's Day, Wagner was one of a race of picture makers whose canvas is the human skin. The history of his profession is outlined in a short, bright book published last week: *Pierced Hearts and True Love*, by Hans Ebensten (British Book Centre; \$3).

Ebensten sets out to tell how tattooing "has developed during the 4,000 years that separate the butterfly on Field Marshal Montgomery's right arm and the tattoos discovered on the skins of Egyptian mummies dating to 2000 B.C." In the year 787, a Roman Catholic council forbade all forms of it in Europe. It thrived among the savages. Captain Cook reported the practice on his first voyage (1768-1771), introducing the Tahitian word *tatau*—to mark.

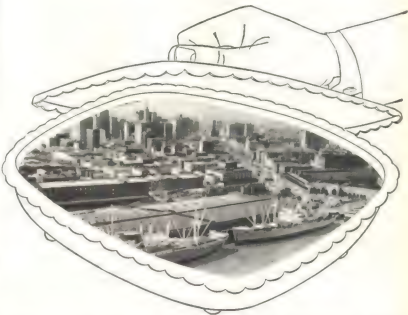
Shortly thereafter sailors began to acquire skin pictures in foreign ports. It was thought that a seaman who could stand the pain of having a full-rigged ship tattooed on himself would automatically make a good topman. By the late 19th century Japan had come to be considered the chief home of the art. Aristocrats from around the globe visited the studio of one Hori Chyo, in Yokohama, to obtain such delicate decorations as a fool-the-eye fly tattooed on the hand. London's Sutherland Macdonald was the first European practitioner of any pretensions; among other designs, he offered a hunt with horses and red-coated riders pursuing a fox.

The Polynesians used tattooing as a substitute for decorative clothes, covering their torsos with equivalents of California sport shirts. Few Westerners, excepting show performers, go so far. But, Ebensten recalls, "A well-built man with a massive chest used to saunter along [London's] Edgeware Road in the hot summer of 1949 with his shirt open to the waist, proudly revealing a great scene of Mount Calvary." Denmark's King Frederik sports an array of Oriental dragons.

Says Ebensten: "The tattooist is almost a fairy-tale figure, hovering in his gloomy, weirdly decorated and mysterious little shop like some grotesque but bewitching hermit . . ." But since World War I, tattooing has steadily declined. It is too conservative, for one thing, holding to such dull, outmoded motifs as Mickey Mouse, foul anchors, and bathing belles of yesterday. Ebensten laments: "No atom bomb explodes on any lusty chest."

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Born. To Crown Prince Asfa Wassan of Ethiopia, 37, and Crown Princess Medferash Worq Abbebe, 30; their third child, first son, Emperor Haile Selassie's twelfth grandchild, second in line of succession to the throne. **Mile:** to be announced, according to Ethiopian Coptic Orthodox custom, 40 days after birth. **Weight:** 7 lbs. 14 oz.

Born. To Charles Chaplin, 64, cinema's incomparable funnyman, and fourth wife Oona O'Neill Chaplin, 28, daughter of Playwright Eugene O'Neill; their fifth child (his ninth), second son; in Lausanne, Switzerland. **Weight:** 8 lbs.

Married. Ranko Koizumi, 23, granddaughter of U.S. Writer Lafcadio Hearn (who married a Japanese samurai's daughter, changed his name to Koizumi and became a Japanese citizen); and Air Force 1st Lieut. Gordon C. Brandes, 27; in the bride's home in Tokyo.

Married. Dorothy Schiff, 50, publisher of the Fair-Dealing New York Post; and Rudolph Goldschmid Sonneborn, 35, petroleum-products manufacturer; he for the second time, she for the fourth; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Bert Andrews, Washington bureau chief of the New York Herald Tribune, who won the Pulitzer Prize in 1947 for soberly exposing the State Department's star chamber loyalty proceedings of a heart ailment; in Denver, while covering President Eisenhower's vacation.

Died. Edward Joseph Flynn, 61, longtime Democratic boss of New York's Bronx County (pop. 1,491,000); after long illness; while vacationing in Dublin, Ireland. Elected county sheriff with Tammany backing in 1921, Flynn became boss of the county machine a few months later, efficiently converted the Bronx from a Republican stronghold into the greatest Democratic fortress north of the Mason-Dixon line. Splitting with Tammany in 1928, he backed the late Jimmy Walker for mayor, later became the leading New Dealer among Democratic city bosses ("I'm for anything Roosevelt is for"). When National Committee Chairman Jim Farley resigned in 1940 in protest against the third term, Ed Flynn reluctantly took over for almost three years, was rewarded with trips to Yalta, Moscow and the Vatican as a wartime presidential envoy. In 1947 he wrote a candid analysis of his political methods. *You're the Boss*, in which he declared: "The only way to win elections year after year is to know what the voters want and give it to them."

Died. Harold Knutson, 72, longtime Republican U.S. Representative from Minnesota (1917-49); of a heart ailment; in Wadena, Minn. Norwegian-born, he succeeded Charles A. Lindbergh, father of the flyer, in Congress, cast his first vote in 1917 against a declaration of war on

Germany, was a leading isolationist before and after Pearl Harbor, stoutly fought the Democrats and all their works on almost every issue,* including the easing of immigration restrictions.

Died. Edwin Goodman, 76, chairman and co-founder of Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman (women's specialty shop), where he personally attended to the wants of the world's rich and royal (e.g., Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor); in Manhattan.

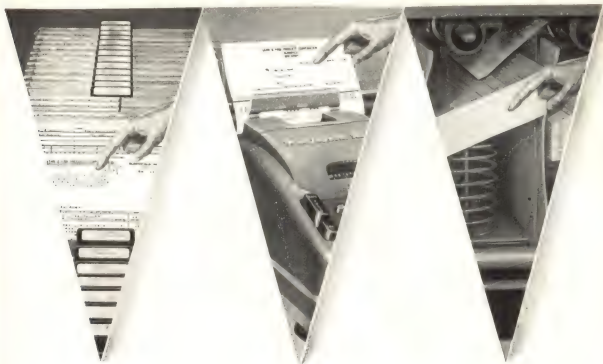
Died. Bishop Francis John McConnell, 82, controversial Methodist exponent of "the social gospel"; in Lucasville, Ohio. Son of a Methodist clergyman, he studied at Ohio Wesleyan and Boston universities, and as a young pastor, shocked orthodox churchgoers by insisting that aggressive good works were more important than theological niceties. As head of the unofficial but influential Methodist Federation for Social Action (1912-44), the bishop espoused labor's cause, always encouraged his fellow clergymen to do likewise: "You can't be a Methodist without putting things strongly."

Died. Cameron Morrison, 83, wealthy one-term governor of North Carolina (1921-25), onetime U.S. Senator (1930-32) and U.S. Representative (1943-45); while vacationing in Quebec. Morrison lost the 1932 Senate Democratic primary race by some 100,000 votes to roaring Bob Reynolds, who followed him in a model T and, imitating Morrison's dignified strut, described to shocked North Carolina hillbillies Cam's favorite dish: "It's cat-u-ree-yah . . . It's little black fish eggs, and it comes from Red Russia . . ."

Died. Mary Stollard-Purnell, 91, widow of "King" Benjamin Purnell, founder of the bewhiskered, ball-playing House of David, whose followers claimed to be descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel; near Shiloh, the religious cult's realm, in Benton Harbor, Mich. After "King" Benjamin died in 1927, while appealing his famed conviction on morals charges, the House of David became a house divided. "Queen" Mary got half of its several-hundred-thousand-dollar property, gathered 200 loyal followers and established a new colony, where she awaited the millennium by supervising the colony's dairy farms and souvenir shops.

* During the 1944 campaign, anti-New Dealer Knutson unwittingly played the foil to F.D.R.'s wit by spreading an unfounded rumor: Roosevelt's pet Scottie, Fala, had been left behind during a presidential tour of the Aleutians, and a destroyer had been dispatched 1,000 miles just to bring the dog home. For F.D.R., this was a golden opportunity to add a homesy touch to his famed Teamsters' Union address: "Republican leaders have not been content with attacks on me, or my wife, or on my sons . . . They now include my little dog Fala."

† For other news of "Lost Tribes," see RELIGION.



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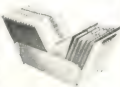
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SUIAP



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Are Jitters Justified?

Instead of starting the usual summer rally that brokers had expected, the stock market last week saw its sharpest shake-out since May. By week's end, the Dow-Jones industrial average registered a net loss of almost five points. There was just enough bearish talk in the air to make some traders jittery.

If not jittery, one of Wall Street's shrewdest traders, Floyd Odlum, had at least turned cautious. After unloading Consolidated Vultee (TIME, April 6) just before its stock broke, Odlum's Atlas Corp. was 38% in cash and Government securities (total: \$68 million), and at Atlas' annual meeting last week he told the stockholders that he intended to keep it that way for "weeks or months" while he took a breathing spell. In short, Odlum seemed to be betting he could buy stocks lower later on.

What was there to the talk about recession? Undoubtedly, there were some soft spots in the economy.

▲ A rise in auto inventories to a new postwar high of 13.2 cars a dealer.

▲ Repossessions of television sets have been on the rise for months.

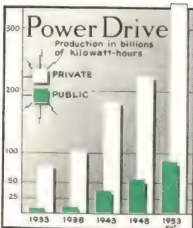
▲ Steelmen, optimistic about fourth-quarter orders only a few weeks ago, were revising their estimates downward as much as 10% to 12%.

▲ Mortgage money shortages were cutting home building (e.g., 66,000 starts in July v. 104,000 a year ago).

▲ Business failures shot up in July to the highest number for that month (724) since 1942.

▲ With manufacturers' inventories at a record \$45 billion, some manufacturers have started to pare down. Ford is warning its suppliers to buy raw materials only three months in advance of production, instead of five.

What did all this add up to? Few businessmen thought it was anything more than what they called it: isolated soft



Time Chart by R. M. Chinn, Jr.

spots. Some of the biggest, like Du Pont's President Crawford H. Greenwalt, were strongly optimistic. Said Greenwalt: "There is in my opinion no more reason to credit current pessimism than there was to take to the woods in 1945." The facts bore him out. Business was still expanding vigorously, as evidenced by A.T. & T.'s plans to offer \$525 million in convertible debentures, the largest single new financing issue in U.S. corporation history.

Business, the Commerce Department reported, was also breaking other records. The nation's output of goods and services was at an all-time high rate of \$372 billion, unemployment was the lowest for any July since the Korean war began, and consumer spending was still keeping pace with the steady rise in personal incomes. Manufacturers' order backlogs, down about \$5 billion from the September peak, still are almost four times as great as before Korea. Even such sick industries as textiles were showing signs of recovery. In ironic contrast to the pessimism of cautious capitalists like Odlum, the C.I.O.'s top economist, Stanley Rutenberg, felt sure that the boom would roar on unabated all year.

UTILITIES

Commutation

As a favorite whipping boy of the New and Fair Deals, the U.S. public-utility industry has endured 20 years of federal encroachment. Last week the private utilities got a reprieve from the new Republican Administration: a policy statement placing a major responsibility for new water-power development on local and private groups (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). The statement did not mean an end to federal competition in power, or a retreat from such massive federal developments as Bonneville and TVA. What most utility men saw in it was mainly a hope for the future, a challenge to private power to prove that it could grow as fast as the nation.

The fact is that, despite the inroads made by public power, both federal and local (see chart), the private-utility industry has been growing faster than any other in the U.S. More than doubling every ten years, power output has soared from 8.2 billion kw.-h. in 1933 to an estimated 440 billion this year. Last week, in the once sluggish summer season, output hit an all-time record of 8.5 billion kw.-h.

Pooled Strength. The postwar growth has been phenomenal. Where utility men once waited for new demand before expanding, they now gear expansion to projections of the growth of their area—and step out to anticipate it. Since 1945, thanks largely to President Elmer Lindseth's program to lure new industry to his area, Cleveland Electric Illuminating's power sales have jumped 92%; Philadelphia Electric, a sparkplug in the industrialization of the Delaware Valley (TIME, June 8), has spent \$320 million to supply 227,000 new customers; Detroit Edison, under President Walker Cislser, has doubled its investment (to \$700 million) since the war, by 1956 will have increased its capacity from 1,300,000 to 3,000,000 kw. One result of such expansion: electricity is one of the few commodities that



PRIVATE POWER PLANT FOR THE AEC AT JOPPA, ILL.
For a growing economy, a new pioneering spirit.

TIME CLOCK

costs less now (2.7¢ per kw.-h.) than it did 20 years ago (5.5¢).

In the past few years, utility men have also displayed a new aggressive spirit in pooling their resources to meet the challenge of atomic power. When the Atomic Energy Commission wanted a 900,000 kw. plant to supply its Paducah, Ky. works, five utilities combined to do the job at Jopka, Ill.; last year 15 companies joined to put up the two biggest private-power plants in the U.S. (total capacity: 2.2 billion kw.) to supply power to AEC's Portsmouth, Ohio atomic plant. Utility men have not forgotten that their own future may lie in atomic energy. For the past couple of years, 27 power companies have been hard at work with AEC, figuring out when & how atomic power can be made commercially feasible.

First Effects. One of the first effects of the Eisenhower Administration's new power policy became evident as long as three months ago, when Interior Secretary Douglas McKay withdrew the Government's opposition to Idaho Power's plan to build three dams on the Snake River in the Northwest. Another result of the new policy is likely to be more far-reaching: all over the U.S., public-power rates may go up. For years, utility men have complained that the Government has underestimated its power costs and pegged its rates at unrealistically low levels, reflecting not the actual cost but the help of Government subsidies. Said an Interior Department spokesman last week: "We can't continue to get power as cheap as in the past."

GOVERNMENT

Freer Trade Winds

The Administration's drive for freer trade last week got another small, but helpful, shove forward. The United States Tariff Commission turned down a request by the Watch Attachment Manufacturers Association for higher import duties on foreign-made metal watch bracelets. The association argued that the "escape clause" of the Trade Agreements Extension Act should be invoked because increased imports of cheap foreign bracelets had seriously cut into the sales of U.S. producers. (Foreign bracelets made up 20% of sales last year v. 0.7% in 1947). The commission threw some statistics back at the U.S. bracelet makers. Total sales in 1952, said the commission, were a good \$37.1 million, down about \$1,700,000 from 1951, but only because distributors had snapped up large stocks in anticipation of a bracelet shortage which never materialized. Said the commission: "Notwithstanding an increase in imports . . . the domestic industry has been operating, on the whole, on a high and well-sustained level of production . . . Watch bracelets . . . are not being imported . . . in such increased quantities . . . as to cause or threaten serious injury . . ."

HOUSEWIVES can expect more beef at retail counters in the next few weeks as the summer's grass-fed steers start to market. Farm experts expect U.S. beef supplies this year to hit 73.5 lbs. per capita, the highest in 44 years. But beef prices have about hit bottom. Farm Economist L. H. Simerl of the University of Illinois thinks they will hold steady for the next twelve months.

TWO big hotel chains have drawn up ambitious building plans. Statler, which has started work on a 450-room, \$7,000,000 hotel in Hartford, Conn., will soon begin a \$15 million, 1,000-room hotel in Dallas. Sheraton, in addition to its new \$14 million Philadelphia hotel (TIME, July 6), will add 200 rooms each to its hotels in Baltimore and Rochester, 600 rooms to the Chicago Sheraton.

DETROIT'S automakers, now readying their 1954 models, are counting on bigger horsepower to give them a fast getaway in sales next year. Ford is stepping up the rating of its higher-priced models from 110 to 125 h.p., Mercury from 125 to 145 h.p. Hoping to grab the lead in the industry's horsepower race: Chrysler, whose new V-8 models may have 220-235 h.p. under the hood v. 180 last year.

PASSENGER helicopter service is in for big expansion. T.W.A. estimates that by 1965 helicopters will be shuttling 1,500,000 passengers a year in & out of Washington, D.C. alone.

REPUBLICAN Trustbuster Stanley Barnes is expected to handle antitrust cases by consent decrees where he can rather than by punitive court action. Where original cause of prosecution has been removed, as in the cement basing-point case, Barnes is considering dropping prosecution.

WEST Germany had new evidence of economic recovery (see FOREIGN NEWS). Friedrich Krupp & Co., and Demag, a big ma-

chinery maker, got the order to build a \$150 million steel mill in India that will produce one-fourth of India's total steel output. The North German Lloyd line late this year will launch the first of six 10,000-ton passenger and cargo ships to go into service between Germany and the Far East, and Germany's C. C. Deilmann has won the exclusive rights to explore and drill for oil in Yemen.

A FIGHT is developing over the U.S. stockpile of strategic materials. While Defense Mobilizer Arthur S. Flemming is fighting to build up the stockpile, Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks has been getting some scarce materials released to industry. One result: aluminum stocks, dipped into several times to make up for production shortages, have dropped alarmingly low.

DESPITE talk of free convertibility of sterling, there is little immediate hope of it. Ex-Ambassador to Britain Lewis Douglas has advised President Eisenhower that before convertibility can work, both U.S. imports of British goods and U.S. investments in Britain will have to rise considerably, and dollar guarantees will have to be made on sterling loans by British banks within the Commonwealth.

NOW that Malenkov himself has criticized the shoddiness of Soviet consumer goods, *Pravda* is washing some of the tattered laundry out in public, complains that Soviet rayon underwear does not survive a single laundering, that men's shirts fall apart in the tub.

FALLING natural rubber prices are putting the squeeze on synthetic rubber. Production, which has dropped from 60,000 to 50,000 tons a month, is in for more reductions. Next month the Government's biggest copolymer plant, at Institute, W.Va., will close down, thus reducing output by another 7,500 tons a month. Tiremakers expect still further cuts, perhaps as much as 20% in the final quarter.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Schumania's Year

In Switzerland last week, on a well-earned vacation, France's peppery little Jean Monnet, managing director and original creator of the Schuman Plan, ticked off the gains and setbacks since Western Europe agreed to pool its coal and steel resources just one year ago. The most obvious achievement was that the huge, \$6 billion coal and steel industry—which accounts for 15% of the total industrial production of France, Germany, Italy and the Benelux nations, and provides work for one out of every ten of their workers—had actually been brought under a single command. By so doing, the plan had: 1) established a common market for coal, iron ore, scrap and steel; 2) eliminated

customs duties, quotas, currency controls and double pricing. In long-divided Europe, that in itself was a very big accomplishment.

The rest of the score:

1) **Coal.** A common price has been achieved, but at the cost of higher prices for both French and German customers. Germany's double-pricing system, which favored its own industries, was eliminated by raising the domestic price to the export rate. Similarly, the pegged domestic price of French coal was raised. But importers of Belgian coal, notably the Dutch, now pay less, and marginal Belgian mines, under Schuman pressure, are planning to modernize. As for coal supply, two mild winters have cut the need for U.S. imports from 18.2 million tons to a yearly rate of 4,000,000 tons, and have

WOMEN'S CLOTHES

Why They Are So Expensive

DO women's clothes cost too much? Men through the ages have darkly—and vociferously—suspected that they do. They cannot possibly see how a few straps of leather, sewed together and called a shoe, can justifiably cost \$50; how a few sequins and a wispy veil, stuck on a postage-stamp hat, can be worth \$80; or how any dress can cost \$300 or more. To the cynical male, the answer is only all too obvious: the value of women's clothes is determined only by what silly women (and acquiescent men) are willing to pay for them.

The \$9 billion-a-year U.S. women's wear industry has another answer. It can quote yards of facts and figures to show that high-priced clothes are not only worth every penny they cost, but even more. For example, Manhattan's Sophie de Saks Fifth Ave. custom salon, where cocktail dresses sell for as much as \$695, just manages to break even; the salon is operated only for the prestige it brings to the store. The markup for expensive clothes is heavy—up to 100% of cost—but it has to be so to cover overhead. At a high-fashion house like Nettie Rosenstein, the cost of designing a dress and turning out one sample may come to more than \$1,000; so few copies are sold that the designing cost per dress may come to \$200 or more. Labor costs are out of the designer's hands; they are regulated by an independent labor-management committee, and vary according to the difficulty of the work required. A pocket on a cheap dress, for example, may come to only a few cents in labor; on an expensive one, labor may cost up to ten times as much.

In the millinery field, one leading designer spends upwards of \$50,000 a year just making sample hats for his showrooms, may take a full day to make just one original. In shoes, the daintier the product the more tedious, exacting and expensive the work. And while it may seem that women get stuck when they spend \$25 or more for a pair of shoes that will last only a few months, it is not easy for manufacturers to get rich on the deal. I. Miller, one of the leading makers of expensive women's shoes, makes a mere 4% gross profit on its sales—far less than super-efficient General Motors makes on autos (22%).

Nevertheless, in one sense it is true that women are not getting their money's worth in clothes. Reason: by the standards of other industries, the garment industry is woefully inefficient. Hand-operated machines are the rule; mass production, as known in other

industries, is almost unheard of. Competition is cutthroat; some 5,000 companies are locked in the battle to clothe the female form, and hundreds of them fail every year. Many of them are fly-by-nights riding a sudden fashion craze.

A few manufacturers, like Manhattan's Henry Rosenfeld, have proved that the garment industry need not be so inefficient. That mass production can pay off. Rosenfeld sells 2,500,000 well-designed dresses a year, all retailing from \$14.95 to \$35. His secrets: 1) buy in bulk; 2) break down dress-making into separate, specialized operations, e.g., collar-making, pocket-making, buttonhole-making; 3) keep design simple and smart.

Yet even a Rosenfeld can do little about one major factor that makes a woman's wardrobe cost so much: fashion itself. Says an old garment-industry saw: "Women are slaves to fashion for two reasons. One is that they want to look different from other women; the other is that they want to look like other women." Thus, women may be swept up in new fashion crazes such as the Empress Eugénie hats of the '30s or the stoles of today, but they must always feel that the particular hats or stoles they are buying are just a little different. When individuality comes in, mass production goes out and costs go up; if bigger production comes in, then by an inflexible rule, style goes out.

A complex fashion code also requires that women have more clothes than men. Explained one young working housewife: "My husband can be well dressed for almost any occasion with only two or three suits in his wardrobe. But with me it's different. Maybe I can transform an office dress with the addition of a rose or a jewel, but you can do just so much of this and get by. A dress that goes well at a cocktail party might fit in at a wedding, but the chances are it won't." Just how this exacting code arose, or why women adhere to it, is as inexplicable as why the female may weep when she is happy.

"Vanity thy name is woman," said Shakespeare. As long as that is true the garment industry will have a good thing. And so—for all his protestations—will the U.S. male, perplexed as he is bound to remain.

A woman will always spend more than a man on clothes. The reason is simple: in trying to look more expensively dressed than she is, a woman often ends up being more expensively dressed than she had intended to be in the first place.

boosted coal stocks to 10 million tons.

¶ **Iron Ore.** France, which used to subsidize its own users with the low price of 850 francs a ton (while outsiders paid 1,380 francs and could get little of it), now charges one price (1,250 francs) to all. Result: production has gone up 10%, and Belgian steelmakers, for instance, can now get adequate supplies.

¶ **Scrap.** Order has been brought to a price scramble where Italy paid as high as \$85 a ton for scrap from India, while The Netherlands held its own price down to \$22.50 by strict controls. A common market has established a price of \$33 a ton (v. the U.S.'s \$43). And Italy, which still has to depend on high-priced foreign scrap, gets a subsidy from the other Schuman nations to make up the difference. At first, France's government tried to buck the common market with its own cartel designed to limit exports, but yielded when Monnet put his foot down.

¶ **Steel.** Once, prices were fixed in each of five areas—France, Germany, Italy, The Netherlands and Belgium-Luxembourg. Currency barriers and price controls restricted exports. With the lifting of controls, steel prices found a steady level. They recently dropped slightly, and with a pre-election price cut in Germany averaging 5%, are going lower. Customers are holding out for cheaper prices, but Monnet wants to keep them high enough to finance modernization and expansion.

To Schuman's Boss Monnet, the most encouraging sign of all is that Europe's nationalists are beginning to think as Europeans. Last January, hoping to raise \$30 million to pay for administrative expenses, technical research and interest on loans, the High Authority told the community's 1,008 factories and mines that they would be taxed .3% of the average value of their monthly output and that the levy would ultimately be raised to .9%. Not one protest was heard, and payments have been coming in regularly.

Billy's Sunbeam

In the open-throttle British auto race for the \$40 million export market to the U.S., Rootes Motors' hard-driving Sir William Rootes (Hillman Minx, Humber, Rover, Sunbeam-Talbot) had already knocked Austin out of second place. Last week Sir William claimed that he had overtaken Lord Nuffield, * was now shipping more cars to the U.S. than any other British maker. His total: 4,942 Rootes cars exported in the first half of 1953.

Nuffield quickly pointed out that Rootes's claim was only half the story. The Rootes Group was shipping more cars to the U.S. than Nuffield, but it was not yet selling as many. The catch: every car that Lord Nuffield shipped went C.O.D. to an independent U.S. dealer, who paid cash on the cylinder head. But Rootes, who has built up his own vast network of 450 U.S. dealers since war's end, was shipping his cars on consignment. His

* Best known to U.S. buyers for the MG (for Morris Garages). Other Nuffield makes: Morris, Riley.



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City hydrant, suburban garden hose or rural irrigation ditch . . . it's all the same to a sweltering six-year-old as long as the water's cold.

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H. R. Clayton

From the coastline, a three-way invasion.

dealers could wait until a car was sold before paying Rootes, could also return any cars that found no buyers. That meant Billy Rootes was carrying an unsold inventory in the U.S. worth about \$4,500,000 (at retail prices). In sum, he was making one of the biggest gambles of his bold, spectacular career.

"Flying Mile." With the air of a man who has played for big stakes before, Sir William confidently predicted a rush-to-Rootes. In the first six months of 1953, 17,602 Americans spent a record \$22 million on British cars—an increase of 30%. Nuffield made only a small percentage gain; the Rootes Group gained 35%.

Rootes's bestseller in the U.S. is his Hillman Minx, a small "economy" car (four-door sedan: \$1,699). But Sir William is betting heavily on a new, more expensive sports model: the fast, sporty Sunbeam-Talbot Alpine. First shown in the U.S. last April, the low-cut Alpine later clocked 120 m.p.h. in Belgium's Jabbeke "flying mile" run, and last month chalked up a perfect score in the grueling Alpine Rally endurance test (2,000 miles through 31 mountain passes, five countries). Its engine is basically the same as the Sunbeam-Talbot "90" that last year won the Royal Automobile Club trophy. In the export race, the Alpine and other Sunbeam-Talbots so far have been slow starters; Sir William has shipped nearly 1,000, sold only 13 in the first half of 1953.

Greasy Hands. Billy Rootes learned about automobiles the hard way. His father, onetime bicycle maker and pioneer Ford dealer, apprenticed Billy to the Singer Car Co. at Coventry. There 19-year-old Billy spent long hours washing automobile parts in oil for a penny an hour ("I learned a lot about parts in those oil buckets"). But it was as a salesman that Billy first made his automotive mark. Convinced that British makers were neglecting overseas mar-

kets, Rootes landed world sales rights for Rolls-Royce, Hillman and others. Then, selling cars faster than he could deliver them, Rootes concluded the makers were "too sluggish," decided to take on manufacturing himself.

Depression gave him his chance. Rootes bought up, at distress prices, three famed but inefficient old companies—Humber, Hillman and Commer. He modernized their equipment and methods, had them paying dividends again within a year. Later the fast-growing Rootes Group took in others until it embraced 20 companies, including Sunbeam-Talbot.

Package Deal. In World War II, as Lord Beaverbrook's deputy, he bossed aircraft and tank production. Rootes's own Rootes Group turned out one of every seven bombers in Britain. At war's end, Sir William, knighted for his wartime services, sank £7,500,000 (then about \$30 million) in new overseas assembly and distributing facilities; today there are Rootes plants from Buenos Aires to Bombay. Rootes dealers in 3,000 cities. Profits for 1952: \$2,000,000. One profit-making Rootes gimmick is a package deal with Pan American World Airways. Pan Am travelers can buy a ticket to Europe, step out of their plane into a new Rootes car, drive it on vacation, then have it shipped back to the U.S. for no more than it would have cost delivered in the U.S.

Billy Rootes, who raises prize Aberdeen Angus cattle and Hampshire Down sheep on his 15,000-acre estates, says proudly: "Like my cars, my sheep and cattle are exported all over the world." Now he is sure that vigorous selling can capture first place in the U.S. export market: "We're on all three coasts. Now we have to penetrate the interior."

* With son Geoffrey (left) and Alpine Rally Drivers Sheila Van Dam and Stirling Moss.

ADVERTISING

Dial M for Manus

On the remote south coast of Manus Island, 200 miles from New Guinea, famed Anthropologist Margaret Mead was interrupted in her research last month by an urgent message. The district commissioner had sent a boat to tell her that New York was trying to reach her by telephone. Fearing some emergency, Dr. Mead set off on a seven-hour trip through dangerous reefs and rough seas to take the call. It turned out to be from a researcher working for Manhattan's Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn Inc. The message: "Dr. Mead, we are conducting worldwide research into the smoking habits of Americans. Would you be good enough to indicate if you smoke, and if so, what brand?" Taking a deep breath, Anthropologist Mead answered: "Not interested." and hung up. Six days later, when the weather moderated, Dr. Mead was able to get a boat back to her own research.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

In his 42 years of railroading, Baltimore & Ohio's Executive Vice President Howard E. Simpson has built a reputation as a man who says what he thinks and knows what he is talking about. "Almost the first time I met him," says B. & O.'s President Roy White, who has been his boss for 17 years, "we had an argument over an idea of mine. He thought I was wrong, and ultimately I came around to his point of view." Last week the man who could give no for an answer was elected president of the B. & O., the oldest railroad in the U.S.; up to chairman moved 70-year-old Roy White.

Hefty: jovial Howard Simpson, 57, is

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R. F. Kriesche

B. & O.'s SIMPSON
He changed the boss's mind.



Out of sight, out of mind for a century **PLUS!**

Down it goes to become part of that vast network of cast iron gas and water mains serving American cities, towns and villages. Still serving in over 45 cities after a century and more of daily use!

Now, America's taxpayers can look forward to even greater service... and economy. For modernized cast iron pressure pipe is centrifugally cast for even more strength, toughness and uniformity.

Once installed, cast iron pressure pipe—America's No. 1 Tax Saver—is out of sight, out of mind... for generations. Yet it continues to serve... and save... you and millions of other Americans untold millions in tax dollars.

Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

This cast iron water main, uncovered for inspection, is in good condition after 100 years of service in Alexandria, Va.—one of more than 45 cities with century-old water or gas mains in service.

CAST IRON

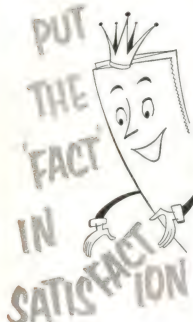
CAST IRON PIPE

America's No. 1 Tax Saver

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Soft, absorbent, strong—everyone who uses Nibroc towels or toilet tissue says there's nothing finer. In industries and institutions all over the U. S. these quality Nibroc products are making satisfaction a fact and saving money for purchasing agents, too. Available in white or natural; towels either multifold or singlefold.



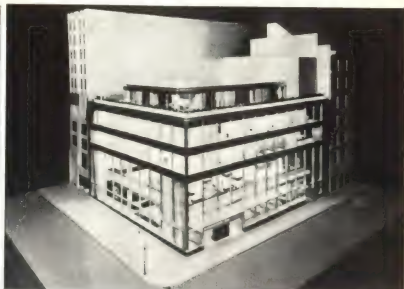
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MODEL OF NEW MANUFACTURERS TRUST BANK
A tip from Edgour Allan Poe.

one of the nation's few top railroads to rise through the passenger department. He started as a clerk with the Central Railroad of New Jersey and hit almost every rung of the ladder on the way up to assistant general passenger agent. He joined B. & O. in 1931 and started grooming for the presidency a year ago. Said Simpson: "I plan no changes just for the sake of change."

Other shifts of the week:

¶ Wilson & Co.'s Chairman Thomas E. (for Edward) Wilson, one of Chicago's most durable executives, finally decided to retire at 85, after 66 years in the meat-packing business. Into the chairmanship went Wilson's red-haired, Princeton-educated son, Edward Foss Wilson, 48, president since 1934. Wilson's new president and chief executive officer: trim (6 ft., 178 lbs.) James D. Cooney, 60, a country lawyer turned corporation counsel, who joined Wilson in 1926. Educated at the University of Iowa, Cooney learned to fly in World War I, later hung out his shingle at West Union, Iowa, and rose to district judge handling "mine-run cases from murders to accidents involving model T Fords." A Wilson vice president since 1948, Cooney says: "I have carried a good deal of responsibility. The presidency means more of same."

¶ Into the Interstate Commerce Commission's new \$14,800 post of managing director stepped Edward Frederick ("Pete") Hamm Jr., 45, a Chicago-born Dartmouth man and publisher of such transportation trade papers as *Traffic World Daily* and *Traffic Bulletin*. The new ICC post, created at the suggestion of a management engineering firm, is a strictly administrative job. Explained Chairman J. Monroe Johnson: "The commissioners are engaged in determining the output of the ICC machine. Hamm's job is to keep the machine running."

¶ Of all the executives who have tried to

keep afloat under Sewell Avery's iron-fisted rule at Montgomery Ward, one at least had the name for the job: John Edward Struggles, 39, who rose to personnel vice president two years ago. But last week Struggles also gave up the struggle, became the 32nd vice president to leave Monkey Ward since Avery took over in 1931. Struggle's new job: special assistant in the Commerce Department.

MODERN LIVING

Something to See

The best way to keep something safe, as Edgar Allan Poe pointed out in *The Purloined Letter*, is to put it where everyone can see it. Taking a leaf from Poe's book, Manhattan's Manufacturers Trust Co. last week showed off the design of a "glass house" for its new midtown branch, planned so that everyone will be able to see everything in it.

The \$3,000,000 building was designed by Architects Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, who also did an earlier glass-walled building for Lever Bros. (TIME, April 28, 1951). The new bank's exterior will be built almost entirely of glass, braced by a framework of thin, vertical aluminum supports called mullions. The only stone in the bank's walls will be the granite base, and one corner panel.

"We had an idea that it was time to get the banks out of mausoleums," explains Architect Louis Skidmore. In a radical departure from bank design, the safe-deposit vault (built of steel, set in granite, with a 30-ton door) will be on the main floor, in full view (with a spotlight on it at night). Another feature: a penthouse for executive offices and dining room. Like the Lever Building, the air-conditioned bank's windows will be sealed to keep out dust and grime. Says Skidmore: "We're trying to make the bank more human."



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GF steps up her EF*

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Super-Filer provides 18% more usable filing capacity per drawer than any conventional filing cabinet drawer of similar outside dimensions. It can save up to 33 1/2% in floor space used for your filing cabinets. Best of all, it can save you from 25% to 50% in the

cost of operating each filing drawer.

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In Tow—\$25,000



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At one end of the towline, a powerful tug; at the other, valuable barges carrying approximately \$25,000 in material. And to insure that nothing parts the two, the line is Plymouth *quality* rope.

This Plymouth Towline—whether it be manila or nylon—is more than rope. It is a special product made specifically for this job. It is strong enough to hold against the strain of sudden winds or the pull of currents; firm enough to resist surface abrasions; flexible enough for proper handling and storage aboard the tug.

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CINEMA

What the Public Likes

Cinema news of the week:

¶ M-G-M was fraternizing with the enemy. In Manhattan, Cinemogul Nicholas Schenck sat down with RCA's President David Sarnoff to discuss ways & means for M-G-M movie stars to appear on NBC television shows.

¶ In Minneapolis, Theater Owners Rubenstein & Kaplan took action against TV and rowdy teen-agers. By barring adolescents, except those accompanied by adults, from their Dale Theater, they were so successful in bringing adults back to the movies that they reopened the long closed Arion Theater and barred not only noisy kids but all advertisements, including



AUDREY HEPBURN
Bravos for a newcomer.

trailers for coming pictures. Explained Owner Rubenstein: "People leave their TV sets because they're sick of commercials; they don't want to see them in movies, too."

¶ Columbia Pictures announced that Rita Hayworth, who has just completed *The Story of Mary Magdalene*, will now be cast in a new picture entitled *The King's Mistress*.

¶ In Bridgton, Me. (pop. 3,000) Theater Manager Thomas Hanlon generously offered to set Hollywood straight on what the public likes. Hanlon told a New York Times reporter that "television, so far, is no competition. You can't beat a Ma & Pa Kettle movie. After the Kettles come the cowboy pictures, and another favorite that everybody goes for is a musical like *Lili*. It's the serious pictures, the crime pictures and the war pictures which don't go."

¶ Sixteen nations, including the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., entered 29 feature films in the 14th annual Venice Film Festival. The first picture shown, Hollywood's *Roman*

Holiday, starring Gregory Peck and Newcomer Audrey Hepburn, won bravos and prolonged applause from more than a hundred critics and notables from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

The New Pictures

The Beggar's Opera (Warner) brings John Gay's renowned, raffish 18th century opera to the screen in English for the first time.* In the role of the highwayman Macheath, Shakespearean Actor Laurence Olivier also sings on the screen for the first time, in an agreeable, light baritone, and makes a fine, swashbuckling badman.

As adapted by Dennis Canaan and Christopher Fry, the film is a spirited horse opera, a kind of galloping, Hogarthian western, set to Sir Arthur Bliss's arrangement of the John Pepusch score.



LAURENCE OLIVIER
Great fun for the highwayman.

There are tumultuous sequences as Olivier, after a wild fandango with the ladies of the tavern, is betrayed to the police and, perched on a coffin atop a cart, rides through a festive crowd to the gallows. Scene after scene is dressed up in resplendent Technicolored sets and costumes.

It is only a moderately entertaining movie, but Sir Laurence, as the highwayman, seems to be having great fun holding up stagecoaches, leaping through windows and over walls, outwitting the jailers and, in general, carrying on like a cross between Hamlet and Hopsalong Cassidy.

Latin Lovers (M-G-M) is concerned with the difficult, rather specialized romantic problems of a multimillionaire. Lana Turner, a brisk Manhattan business girl with a \$37 million fortune, worries (silly girl) because she fears that no man

* A farfetched 1930 movie version in German was entitled *Der Dreigroschenoper* (The Three-Penny Opera).

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...when your people
work with **P-A-X**

There's no accounting for many of the man-hours that go into your costs. Yet, these are man-hours you pay for—dollars you can save with a P-A-X Business Telephone System for *inside* calls!

Let's look at an organization linked together with P-A-X telephone service. People are following through on their jobs without walking, without delays, and with less paper work. With a turn of the P-A-X dial, anyone *anywhere* can send or receive facts and instructions directly—instantly!

P-A-X is automatic (dial) telephone equipment of the highest commercial grade—exactly as used by hundreds of public telephone companies. Its cost is so low you can provide P-A-X telephones *throughout* your organization—for convenient, time-saving service to everyone! Just exactly *how* it is cutting costs in hundreds of business organizations is shown in typical case histories which you may have by calling or writing our distributors.



This typical P-A-X switchboard serves 50 telephones—fits into small space. Other systems range in capacity from ten to hundreds of telephones.

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ADVENTURE AT PEMBROKE COLLEGE



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PEMBROKE, we need hardly say, is the famed college for young ladies, located at Providence, Rhode Island. Rumor has it that over at Brown University, also in Providence, male students devote considerable study to Pembroke's attractions.

This spring a story was circulated at Brown that the fragrance of Courtley After Shave, on the male chin, could cause the romantic emotions ordinarily locked within the female breast to break their fetters. A group of enterprising Brown males decided to investigate this matter. So 25 young ladies were interviewed—one at a time—in relative isolation (one female with one male plus Courtley After Shave). No statement of results was made. But we do know that the investigators are now fanatical Courtley users.

Why don't you start an investigation of your own? You'll find that, besides its sensational, emotional fragrance, Courtley After Shave has other wonderful advantages. It wakes you up delightfully! Costs less than a penny a day! Ask at drug or dept. stores, wherever they sell the finest of gentlemen's toiletries, Courtley.

Courtley
AFTER SHAVE



RICARDO MONTALBAN & LANA TURNER
For love or money?

can love her for herself alone. She even suspects that well-heeled John Lund (\$48 million) may be more interested in merging their factories than in gazing into her blue eyes.

In midstory, the film creakingly moves to Brazil and is taken over by the Rio de Janeiro chamber of commerce. In between plugs for the heady Brazilian climate. Lund falls off polo ponies and Lana exchanges passionate glances with Ricardo Montalban, who plays a bare-chested rancher with a coyly devilish grandfather (Louis Calhern). Since the plot offers no clear reason why the movie should run 104 Technicolored minutes. Scenarist Isobel Lennart has thrown in such extraneous items as a funnyman from the U.S. Embassy (Archer MacDonald), a brace of psychoanalysts (fast replacing mothers-in-law as Hollywood's stock figure of fun), and assorted Latin American production numbers. Lana's final solution to her money problems has a disarming simplicity: she gives it all to Fiancé Montalban on the theory that "now he'll have to worry about it."

Also Showing

Plunder of the Sun (Wayne-Fellows; Warner) is an oldtime movie chase story played against a background of ancient Zapotec ruins at Oaxaca, Mexico. A footloose insurance agent (Glenn Ford) comes into possession of several old sheets of parchment which are a clue to a priceless treasure buried among the ruins. In practically no time, he finds himself mixed up with such shady characters as a fat invalid (Francis Sullivan), a raven-haired Latin beauty (Patricia Medina), an alcoholic blonde (Diana Lynn), a mysterious fellow with a crew cut and smoked glasses (Sean McClory). The feverish chasing is punctuated with slugging and shooting. This sort of thing has been done better a number of times, but the scenery,

shot on the spot in Mexico, is almost striking enough to divert the moviegoer's attention from the foolish events going on in the foreground.

CURRENT & CHOICE

From Here to Eternity. James Jones' wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely-acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Master of Ballantrae. Wielding his claymore, Errol Flynn hacks his way from Scotland to the New World in a rousing version of Robert Louis Stevenson's 18th century thriller (TIME, Aug. 3).

Return to Paradise. A totalitarian South Sea island gets an imaginative helping of love and democracy from Gary Cooper (TIME, July 20).

The Sea Around Us. The Technicolor camera prowls the ocean floor: some beautiful scenes, but lacking the majestic sweep of Rachel Carson's 1951 bestseller (TIME, July 20).

The Moon Is Blue. Recently banned in Maryland, but a nice little comedy all the same (TIME, July 6).

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. Why a small boy hates piano teachers, inventively told in Technicolor (TIME, June 22).


Julius Caesar. Hollywood comes to grips with Shakespeare and, for once, very nearly holds its own (TIME, June 1).

Strange Deception. An often moving story of an Italian postwar vendetta, written and filmed by Novelist Curzio (THE SKIN) Malaparte (TIME, June 1).

Fanfan the Tulip. A farcical take-off on costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe as the swashbuckling hero: Gina Lollobrigida is the eye-filling heroine (TIME, May 11).

Shane. A horse opera brought to Technicolor perfection; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

A Message to *TIME* Readers in Industry About Another
Reason Why So Many U.S. Businesses Advertise in *TIME*.



Advertising gives business a personality

THE companies who are talking to you in the pages of this magazine want to sell something—but they don't necessarily want to sell it to you or sell it right away. Just your interest and good will can be valuable to them in many ways.

And so more and more you will notice that *advertising has become the voice of management as well as the voice of sales*. As one executive put it,

"Advertising gives business a personality, which a person comes equipped with but which has to be manufactured for the faceless corporate entity. Advertising has repercussions so much wider than immediate sales . . . it characterizes a business on many fronts."

And the managers of business know that advertising to the men and women who read *TIME* can be a particularly powerful advantage on all these fronts:

For example, your recognition and acceptance can help build a *national reputation* for a company which may not previously have been known outside a limited market.

A number of you who read *TIME* are *distributors for or suppliers to industry*. Naturally you prefer to deal with firms you believe will prosper and grow—firms of reputation.

You are *stockholders* as well as consumers. Companies of all sorts and sizes are competing for the capital you can supply. Certainly you would be

more inclined to invest in those you have seen nationally advertised than in an unknown firm.

Many of you in *TIME*'s audience, particularly those just out of college or about to graduate, are not only forming life-time buying habits, but you are sizing up various companies from the point of view of an *employee*. You want to be associated with a well-known and widely respected organization. Here again, the advertising you see in *TIME* has its effect.

It is no secret that advertisers recognize the readers of *TIME* as a very influential group of people—and statistics bear out this impression. You tend to be leaders not only in business, but in government, education, religion, and the arts and professions. *You are in a position to shape the opinion of others*—your understanding and endorsement are vital to a company. And you are likely to think and talk better of those companies you've learned something about through the pages of *TIME*.

They want you to think and talk well about them because they are selling not only their products and services, but *ideas* about their company as a company to work for . . . to invest in . . . to sell for . . . to sell to . . . as well as to buy from.

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR



TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

BOOKS

Goose-Flesh Impresarios

AMBUSH FOR THE HUNTER (307 pp.)—*F. L. Green—Random House* (\$3).
AN EPITAPH FOR LOVE (252 pp.)—*Howard Clewes—Doubleday* (\$3.50).

The average whodunit never solves its most conspicuous crime—the murder of the King's English. But there are a few mystery writers who do not use the pen as a blunt instrument. Such are Britain's Howard Clewes and the late F. L. Green.* Neither *An Epitaph for Love* nor *Ambush for the Hunter* will floor anyone with surprises, but each crackles with suspense and crisp, literate prose.

Cozy Purgatory. Perhaps the more accomplished of the two goose-flesh impresarios is F. L. (Odd Man Out) Green. His *Ambush for the Hunter* uncoils in a simple setting of domestic infelicity. Charles and Edna are a middle-aged London couple who have been putting a good face on their bad marriage for so long that they have almost forgotten what it really looks like. Charles is a well-placed civil servant with the aplomb of a head waiter and the moral fiber of an eel. Edna retreats into a cocoon of modern books, music and art. Into this cozy purgatory of ask-me-no-questions, Author Green drops a woman, not just any woman, but an overnight celebrity named Eva Droumek.

Eva has won asylum in England as an anti-Communist refugee who loosened a few rivets in Czechoslovakia's Iron Curtain. Edna is still reading about the exploit in the papers when Charles shows up with Eva and announces that she will stay the week. With her intuitive antennae out a mile, Edna spots Eva as phony, senses that Charles knows it too and soon realizes that Charles knows that she knows.

As the war of nerves develops, Charles is revealed as a crypto-Communist and Eva as a Soviet spy. Edna finds that she still loves Charles too much to give his scheme away. But matters are not really in her hands, for in the background lurk two rival espionage teams, led by a vulpine Commie and a cagey British agent. Between them, they pull the plot strings of *Ambush into the knife, ironic nose*.

Twist of the Knave. Love mislead on the altar of totalitarian politics is also the theme of *An Epitaph for Love*. Like the Green thriller, it is full of brooding atmospheres and clever character analysis. The hero, Harry Lucas, is a footloose English writer in Florence, inwardly reliving the wartime days when he worked with the Italian partisans. His most haunting memory: a tug of war between love and loyalty, in which he turned in his girl Nina to the partisan chief Giulio because she was a German agent. The wound is reopened and history re-enacted when Florence is threatened with a Communist coup led by Giulio. But this time it is a ravaged and

vengeful Nina who betrays Harry to Giulio. What happens when Giulio is murdered and Harry faces Nina again gives Author Clewes his title and a last twist-of-the-knife ending.

Belmania

FATHER, DEAR FATHER (247 pp.)—*Ludwig Bemelmans—Viking* (\$3.50).

"I was born in a hotel and brought up in three countries." Humorist Ludwig Bemelmans tells his daughter Barbara when she asks why all the characters in his books are crazy. "And then I lived in



Geach-Knapale

BEMELMANS & DAUGHTER
A change in Poppy's schnitzel.

other hotels . . . and the only people you met were odd ones . . . Upstairs was a collection of Russian grand dukes and French courtesans. English lords and American millionaires. Backstairs there were French cooks, Rumanian hairdressers, Chinese manicurists, Italian bootblacks, Swiss managers, English valets . . . When I was sent to America to learn the hotel business here, I ran into the same kind of people."

"Do you speak any language correctly?" asks Barbara.

"Well, I have the least accent in French . . ."

"That's all rather sad, Poppy."

Barbara, now a young lady of 17, was 11, precocious and down-to-earth when she accompanied Bemelmans on a grand tour of France, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy. Every page of their progress is littered with the types that have peopled Poppy's works for the past 15 years. The bawling hotel managers (suggestive of urbane boa constrictors), the bespatted

aristocrats, the bored billionaires, the Tyrolean songsters with hooked pipes, the tiny donkeys and the hairy mongrels—all these Bemelmans perennials once floated in a dream ballroom and filled the air with a fragrance of old brandy, Russian leather and pine needles. For what Bemelmans calls the cosmopolitan "sleeping-pill set," he created a magical ideal and a high standard of make-believe.

But where Gourmet Bemelmans used to cook his literary schnitzel only with the finest schmalz, some of *Father, Dear Father* would make even Charles Dickens clutch his stomach and turn pale (e.g., "I wonder," says Barbara, "if Christ came to earth, could he get a table at Twenty-One?"). Moreover, Poppy's critical eye, which was always whimsically weak, is now rolling toward astigmatism. "It never occurred to me," he groans of Lady Elsie Mendel, ". . . that she, poor darling, was relatively destitute. She left a million . . . but it's peanuts, considering her fashion of living, her travels . . . artisans . . . servants . . . hospitality." Too many cosmopolitan sleeping pills, perhaps; but *Belmania*, while still fun, is not nearly as wonderfully crazy as it used to be.

Self-Portrait

HITLER'S SECRET CONVERSATIONS (597 pp.)—*Adolf Hitler—Farrar, Straus & Young* (\$6.50).

Few people remember Adolf Hitler as a thinker. Yet he was one—the kind that is all too frequently found in saloons or on park benches, spinning grandiose, hate-laden theories about the world, tossing off answers to all questions in a manner that the Germans call *dumm-schlau* (stupid-smart). Such men are usually ignored by others as annoying but unimportant cranks. By a tragedy of history, Adolf Hitler gained the power to put his rambling, *dumm-schlau* theories into practice.

For ten hours each day during the war, Hitler pondered military problems; for 30 to 45 minutes each night he scribbled his solutions. Then, in the early hours of the morning, with his intimates gathered around over tea and cakes, Hitler reminisced about his youth, dreamed about his empire, pontificated about whatever came to mind. *Hitler's Secret Conversations* is the stenographic record of these ramblings in the Führer's East Prussian and Russian headquarters between July 1941 and November 1944. They were taken down in shorthand by trusted party officials. Heinrich Heim and Henry Picker, then corrected and preserved by the Führer's *factotum*, SS Leader Martin Bormann.* Samples:

War. "For the good of the German people, we must wish for a war every 15 or 20 years . . . Peoples, like individuals,

* Bormann disappeared during the tumultuous days of the Nazi defeat, but left the 1,045 typed pages of the Hitler transcripts behind. British Historian H. R. Trevor-Roper, a leading expert on Hitler, affirms its authenticity.

* Not to be confused with British Novelists Greene (Graham) and Green (Henry).



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More often than not the simplest and most successful selling ideas stem from modern design. That is why HOUSE & HOME's editorial formula starts with the presentation of the best new selling ideas in modern homebuilding design. That is one of the important reasons why...

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Webcor
Chicago 39, Illinois



HITLER & EVA BRAUN
In the morning, she asked what time it was.

sometimes need regenerating by a little bloodletting . . . It fills me with shame when I think that I have lost more blood shaving than on the field of battle."

Marriage. "When a sailor returns home after a long voyage, he has something like a new marriage. After months of absence, he enjoys some weeks of complete liberty. That would never have been the case with me, and my wife would justly have been bored to death. I'd have had nothing of marriage but the sullen face of a neglected wife, or else I'd have skimmed my duties. That's why it's better not to get married. The bad side of marriage is that it creates rights. In that case, it's far better to have a mistress. The burden is lightened, and everything is placed on the level of a gift." As a listener looked unhappy. Hitler added: "What I've said applies only to men of a higher type, of course!"

God. "It's impossible to escape the problem of God. When I have the time, I'll work out the formulae to be used on great occasions. We must have something perfect both in thought and in form."

Missionaries & Priests. "To a missionary, the smell of dirt is agreeable. From this point of view, they themselves are the dirtiest swine of all. They have a horror of water. And those repulsive priests, when they question a child of seven in the confessional, it's they themselves who incite it to sin."

Dancing. "The most beautiful dance in the world is . . . the waltz, a perfect harmony of movement and music."

Conquered People. "It would be sheer folly to place at their disposal a health service such as we know it in Germany, and so—no inoculations and other preventive measures for the natives! . . . The local population must be given no facilities for higher education . . . Notices in the Ukrainian language 'Beware of the Trains' are superfluous; what on earth

does it matter if one or two more locals get run over by the trains?"

Americans. "There's nobody stupider than the Americans . . . I'll never believe that an American soldier can fight like a hero."

History. "I'm sure that Nero didn't set fire to Rome."

Food. "It's impossible to eat enough of what one likes."

Churchill. "The raddled old whore of journalism . . . an unprincipled swine."

F.D.R. "A sick brain."

Stalin. "Must command our unconditional respect . . . He is a beast, but he's a beast on the grand scale."

Hitler. "A religious figure . . . Already Arabs and Moroccans are mingling my name with their prayers. Amongst the Tartars I shall become Khan. The only thing of which I shall be incapable is to share the sheik's mutton with them. I'm a vegetarian, and they must spare me . . ."

When defeat came closer & closer, Hitler's audience dwindled to his female secretaries, his hard-drinking adjutant, his quack doctor and his vegetarian cook. They had heard his theories many times before and were bored, but they sat helplessly drowning into the morning, a captive audience. Only Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, ever did anything about it. She would pointedly ask the Führer the time. Hitler usually took the hint and closed the window on the refuse-laden backyard of his mind.

She-Wolves & Bicycles

SAVAGE PLAY (381 pp.)—Paul Colin-Dutton (\$3.95).

It was evening in Paris. Young François Gane and his friend Baumier were strolling along quietly when they saw the provocative form of a strange young lady walking ahead of them. "A little before they came abreast of her, Baumier with an ample movement of his arm, as if to

catch a low volley ball, slapped her buttocks resoundingly." As he did so he roared: "Goddamn little chicken."

A little later—such is the long, slapping arm of coincidence in this novel—the chicken turns out to be Claude, a long-lost childhood sweetheart. François first knew Claude Herber and her brother Jean Jacques when they were children and lived in the country together, roaming the woods like a junior fan club for the Marquis de Sade. They played flogging games with horsewhips. Lashing Claude and another playmate, Denise, had been the best fun of all—"so sweet," Claude murmured, fondling her wound, "that afterwards one would like to be whipped again."

World War II interrupts these amusements, and Claude goes unwhipped for years. After the war François tries to find his childhood friends again. Denise has grown into a woman as stunning and desirable as "my beautiful bicycle when I was eight years old . . . all nickel and ultramarine enamel." François marries her, but he cannot forget Claude. She has almost ruined herself by spending too much time in the primrose (or aquamarine) bed of dalliance with a bunch of softies. But soon after the slapping incident, François is seen pursuing her through a forest on horseback, whipping her until she is at last dragged through a heap of "fine liquid mud" and forced to surrender, "howling her rattle of a she-wolf."

Savage Play has only a few other things to offer besides literary mud. There are some sharply evocative sketches of French aristocrats in the old-fashioned countryside, and of French Protestants in a prim, latter-day Huguenot Parisian flat. And there is the strange children's world in which cruelty is mixed with utter innocence. The novel won the 1950 *Prix Goncourt* and sold 100,000 copies in France. But then, French tastes have always been rather special.

RECENT & READABLE

Dead Man in the Silver Market, by Aubrey Menen. The noted Irish-Indian satirist laughs at Eastern and Western chauvinism, the world and himself (TIME, Aug. 24).

The Unconquered, by Ben Ames Williams. A posthumously published sequel to *House Divided*, full of carefully researched history, violence in Reconstruction days, and tears over spilled mint juleps (TIME, Aug. 24).

The Narrows, by Ann Petry. Passion and violence between black and white in an unexpected setting; respectable Connecticut (TIME, Aug. 17).

Fabian of the Yard, by Robert Fabian. A brilliant former Scotland Yardman tells about his most interesting cases (TIME, Aug. 17).

Torment, by Pérez Galdós. A Spanish classic, by a novelist who has been called Spain's Balzac; published in the U.S. for the first time (TIME, Aug. 3).

I Was a Captive in Korea, by Philip Deane. A war correspondent's vivid account of 33 months of Communist imprisonment (TIME, July 27).

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MISCELLANY

Voice of Experience. In New Bern, N.C., applying for a marriage license, Alec Ogburn gave his age—111—and that of his bride-to-be—32—and told the wide-eyed clerk: "Don't laugh at me, lady . . . If I don't get along with her, I reckon I can get rid of her."

You Can't Win. In Astoria, Ore., Robert Hjorten and George Sullivan spotted a cop about to tag their cars for over-parking, sprinted across the street to put nickels in the parking meters and thus avoid 50¢ parking fines, were fined \$1 each for jaywalking.

Dog's Life. In Hoboken, N.J., when police came to arrest James Shea, 59, for drunkenness, they learned from his wife Maria that during the last five years he had spoon-fed whisky to his three pet mongrels, incited them to bite her more than 200 times.

Budget Problem. In St. Louis, accused of sending his wife only \$30 a month to live on, Railroad Worker Jesse McClinton protested that he could not possibly afford to give her more money, but got a year in jail after he asked the judge: "Who's going to pay for my car and television set?"

Point of View. In Milwaukee, on trial for drunken driving, Anton Schmalz, 62, admitted that he had been drinking Martinis "by the teacupful," but denied that he was drunk when arrested, explained that he had been forced to zigzag his car down the street "to dodge all the drunken drivers" coming at him from the opposite direction.

Routine. In Pacoima, Calif., halted by city police after a four-mile chase during which he allegedly committed 18 traffic violations (including speeding, making an illegal turn and running through a red light), Motorist William J. Stuckler, 24, demanded: "What's the matter? I always drive this way."

Life with Mother. In Wichita, Kans., Wayne Huttong was granted a divorce after testifying he worked nights, and never got any sleep during the day because his wife insisted on keeping 36 pet canaries and two dogs in the bedroom.

High & Wide. In Downieville, Calif., anxious to get a county road-building job, Contractor George Miller flew over the county courthouse in a plane, dropped his bid in a weighted envelope five minutes before the deadline, but lost the contract because his bid was too high.

Justice Is Done. In Dallas, a few days after obtaining the release of Dewey Leon Hipp, jailed for drunkenness, Attorney Abe Byers asked police to re-arrest his client, angrily explained: "He gave me a hot check for \$30."



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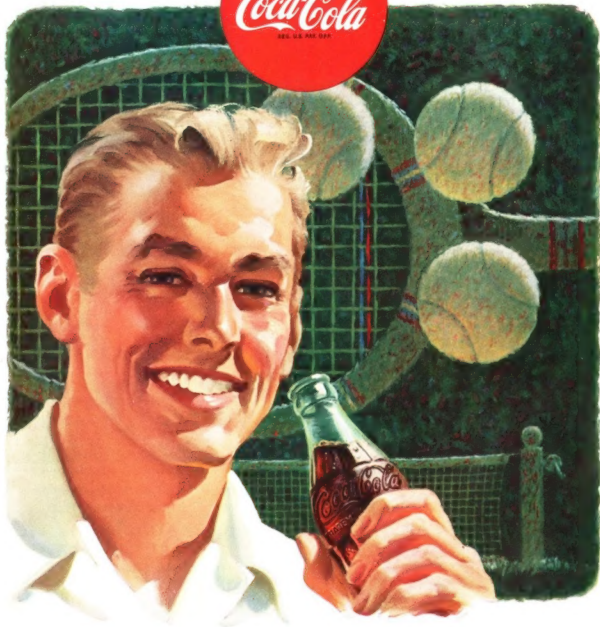
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